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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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"PEACE COMMISSIONER" STIMSON reported to President Coolidge on May 14 that the insurrection in Nicaragua was definitely ended. Since then the United States Marines, aided by the American-financed constabulary, have been mopping up the revolutionaries (called, in State Department parlance, "bandits"). In early July the Navy and State departments announced that all Nicaraguans had been disarmed except some fifty bandits headed by Sandino. Mr. Maurice A. Hallgren, of the International News Service staff in Washington, has done a public service in compiling a list of the engagements and casualties since Mr. Stimson declared the civil war ended. It is as follows:

MAY 15-16—At La Paz Centro, 14 Nicaraguans killed; number of wounded unknown. Two marines killed, including Captain Richard B. Jackson.

JULY 16—Ocotal, 300 to 500 Nicaraguans killed; more than 100 known to be wounded. One marine killed.

JULY 26—San Fernando, six Nicaraguans killed; 15 to 20 wounded. One marine wounded.

JULY 27—San Fernando (during pursuit by United States planes of fugitives from battle of July 26), 20 Nicaraguans killed or wounded.

AUGUST 16—Along northern border, two Nicaraguans killed.

SEPTEMBER 3—Telpaneca, five Nicaraguans killed or wounded.

SEPTEMBER 8 (reported September 15)—Sanata, five Nicaraguans killed.

SEPTEMBER 19—Telpaneca, 20 Nicaraguans killed; 50 wounded. Two marines killed.

SEPTEMBER 21—Telpaneca, unreported number of Nicaraguans killed and wounded. No mention of marine casualities.

OCTOBER 9 (reported to Managua October 18)—67 Nicaraguans killed or wounded. Four members of native guard killed. No marine casualties.

FIVE OR SIX HUNDRED NICARAGUANS, then, have been killed—or let us use the honest word, murdered—by United States troops fighting, without a shadow of constitutional justification, on foreign soil, since Mr. Coolidge's "peace commissioner" and publicity man said fighting was at an end. Throughout the Nicaraguan affair the State and Navy departments have deliberately and persistently lied to the American people. Can any one pretend that the manhunters of the Marine Corps are still "merely protecting American lives and property"? Is there no way of stopping this butchery?

CHICAGO'S HERESY-HUNTING school commissioners seem to be unpopular; the press ridicules them from coast to coast. David Saville Muzzey, author of one of the sinning textbooks, is suing his abusers for libel; and the embattled historians have arisen in defense of Truth. We would have more sympathy for them if they had had more sympathy with Truth in the past. There was a time, ten years ago, when they sat at their desks, very mum about Truth, busily revising their textbooks to fit the needs of war-time propaganda. It was in those days that King George III took on a mildness of character unknown to previous generations, and that all the hardships of the Revolution were unloaded on the heads of the mercenary Hessians. Britain did indeed acquire a surprising halo in more than one war-time textbook. Doubtless much of that revision consisted in a wise erasure of haloes where haloes did not belong; the fathers of our country were, after all, human beings like the British. But the motivating force was less a pure passion for truth than a desire to adapt the textbooks to the mood of 1917, when blood was thicker than water and all Germans were Huns. Mayor Thompson and his cohorts, absurd as they are making themselves, are only acting as the historians themselves did a decade ago.

MAINE HAS RETAINED the primary election system by what appears to have been a two-to-one vote. This result is the more remarkable because only two newspapers, one in Bath, the other the Portland *Evening News*, were for the primary. The rest of the Maine press was unanimously in favor of returning to the old convention system. It is true that the vote was light, but the voice of the majority is none the less unmistakable, and it is the occasion for real rejoicing, while incidentally showing, as has happened so many times before, that not even a practically united press in a State or a city can persuade an electorate to do what it does not want to do. There are many signs that a

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nation-wide effort is being made to do away with the primary. Had the Maine election gone the other way and the primary been abolished there, the result would have been widely trumpeted by our reactionaries and our Fascists as proof that the people themselves were beginning to turn away from the democratic experiment. Beyond question it would have heartened the efforts in other States to do away with an institution which, whatever its faults, remains a bulwark against the encroachments of corrupt political machines.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE assures the country that it is prosperous. "Crops are better," he says—he omits to note that prices are lower. "Exports are on the increase," he remarks, quoting the September figures—he might have added that trade always picks up in the fall, but that September 1920's exports were $22,000,000 below those of 1926. Railway net receipts, he admits, have fallen, but the decrease is not great—though the railways say it was a drop of 11 per cent from the 1926 figures. Tonnage figures, he announces, are encouraging—in fact freight-car loadings dropped 4½ per cent. It is difficult to understand why business continues its adulation of so ignorant a President, and of the Mr. Mellon whose Treasury estimates tend to be a billion dollars wrong each year. Perhaps the cynical commentator of the New York *Times* financial staff has the clue: "Generally," this astute gentleman remarks, Wall Street comment was "that the President had done his best to prevent undue discouragement over such reaction as is known to have occurred." In other words, the President did his best to keep the country happy by telling it bedtime stories. Wall Street is not fooled, but it likes other people to be.

EDISON HEDGES is an obscure lawyer from Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Nathan L. Miller is a former Governor of the State of New York, and attorney for some of New York City's wealthiest corporations. That is one difference between them; there are others. Hedges is attorney for Willis Beach, wanted by the police in connection with the Lilliendahl murder case. On October 17 his client disappeared.

> Whenever the courts want my client I will produce him [said Hedges]. I told Beach to leave town because of the inhuman treatment [by] detectives and the refusal of the Prosecutor to allow me to be present when they questioned him. . . . When only the police demanded him to appear he was acting within his constitutional rights in leaving his home. If Beach is indicted for murder he will appear at once to answer that charge.

The next day Hedges, the attorney, was indicted on two counts charged with spiriting away a material witness. "This Hedges phase of the investigation," said the Assistant Prosecutor, "will disclose whether a lawyer can obstruct justice and stifle an inquiry of this sort. It will show whether one lawyer is bigger than the whole State of New Jersey."

NATHAN MILLER had different luck. He is attorney for Harry M. Blackmer, former chairman of the board of the Midwest Refining Co., and the missing key man in the Government's case against Harry F. Sinclair and Albert B. Fall. Blackmer left the country in a hurry about the time of the Walsh investigation, and has not been home since. He was discovered, and subpoenaed in Europe; and Atlee Pomerene, counsel for the Government in the oil cases, made a special trip abroad to persuade him to return; but Blackmer has not come back. When Blackmer's name was called as a witness in the Sinclair-Fall case, Nathan L. Miller stepped forward to explain his absence. According to the New York *World* Mr. Miller explained that "he had advised Blackmer to disobey the subpoena on the ground that service in a foreign land is unconstitutional and therefore void." The other newspapers report him in substantially the same terms. Obviously Mr. Miller is a lawyer who considers himself greater than the government of the United States. Perhaps he is. Without waiting for a mere court to rule on it he has declared a United States law unconstitutional, and has advised his client to disobey it. Yet he has not been indicted for obstructing the course of justice, and we predict that he will not be. Attorneys for oil magnates are not treated like Atlantic City lawyers.

TO HAVE HAD ELEVEN CHILDREN and to be sentenced to prison for life at thirty-two must surely be a record in hectic careers. A Detroit woman, convicted six times of larceny, is now liable for life sentence under Michigan's new Habitual Criminals Act. Mrs. Brennan explains that she was married at fifteen, that eleven children have been born to her, and that only when she is about to have a baby is she seized with the tendency to kleptomania which makes her steal. Obviously Mrs. Brennan is a subject for a psychiatrist, not a court; yet this Michigan Baumes law is so blind that it makes no provision for cases like hers. Any more than for the case of Fred Palm, another young victim of Michigan's new passion for punishment, who was sentenced to life because he had in his possession a pint of gin. This was the last of a series of convictions for minor crimes, but to say that Palm is a dangerous criminal and a menace to society at large and that the State should therefore support him for the balance of his life because he owned a pint of gin is to indict also a fairly large group of citizens at present comfortably out of jail.

WARDEN LAWES of Sing Sing prison has seen 109 men electrocuted since he became warden in 1920; but he thinks capital punishment worse than futile. He points out in the *Survey Midmonthly* that "juries and judges erred in 11 per cent of the original commitments for first-degree murder," and suspects that more errors are never discovered. If so, the state kills constantly with no excuse whatever. Murderers, Mr. Lawes adds, are rarely chronic criminals. Ninety per cent of those committed for first-degree murder have no previous criminal record; "nor is there a single instance in which a prisoner pardoned or specially committed for murder, first-degree, returned to Sing Sing prison because of a second homicide." His studies of the racial origin of murderers in various decades puncture another popular myth.

> The Irish led for a long period following their immigration and the Germans were a close second following their immigration period. The Italians then took first place and now the Negro, who is migrating from the South, is rapidly forging toward the lead. In other words, the typical murderer of any given period comes from that race which is making a place for itself in a new environment.

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WE ARE TIRED of "weeks." On that one point we sympathize with Calvin Coolidge, who refused to indorse National Education Week. We too have refused to give publicity to weeks—to National Reindeer Week, Popcorn Week, Crabapple Week, and we forget what else! But when it comes to Visiting Nurse Service Week in New York we relent. We can merely advise the Henry Street nurses that they know more about nursing than about publicity, and that the day of the week is past. The day of the visiting nurse is here; and it is here in part because Lillian Wald's Henry Street Settlement has put it on the map. For this nursing service is one of New York's really great institutions. What Miss Wald began on the East Side has spread over the city—it now has eighteen centers in three boroughs; and its two hundred graduate nurses average a total of 1,600 visits every day—Negro, Irishman, Armenian, Jew, Italian, Yankee—the nurses go to all who need them, and are paid as the patient can afford. A baby born in New York City today has a better chance of living and thriving than most babies born on American farms—and for that the "Henry Street nurses" deserve a large share of the credit. It is natural that nurses from forty-seven countries have come to New York to study and admire the Henry Street system—and typical that most able-bodied New Yorkers are unaware of its existence.

TOLSTOI, TROTZKY, and now the United States customs service, have tried to define art. When Edward Steichen brought in an ovoid piece of metal shaped by the sculptor Brancusi and labeled The Bird, the literal-minded customs authorities said it was not art and assessed it 40 per cent duty as a "manufacture of metal." Mr. Steichen protested, and now the United States Customs Court is earnestly at work. "Would you recognize it as a bird if you saw it in a forest, and would you take a shot at it?" the judge asked one artist on the witness-stand. "It is a matter of indifference to me what it represents," came the intelligent answer. "If the artist calls it a bird so would I." The artist remarked that the profile might suggest the breast of a bird. "Or the keel of a boat, or the crescent of a new moon?" asked the judge, still seeking wisdom. "Or a fish or a tiger?" added the learned Assistant District Attorney. We confess that some modern art has left us as unmoved and frivolous. But the whole discussion seemed somehow to be lifted to clean wind-swept mountain-peaks when Jacob Epstein, a very great modern artist, answered the question, "Why is this a work of art?" with the simple but final words: "It pleases my sense of beauty. I find it a beautiful object." When the judge persisted "So a brass rail, highly polished and harmoniously curved, could also be a work of art?" Epstein answered "It could become so." "Then a mechanic could have done this thing?" the customs lawyer interrupted. "No," said Epstein impressively. "A mechanic could not make a work of art. He could have polished this, but he could not have conceived it."

THE AGORA OF ATHENS is on its way to the sunlight at last. Buried for centuries, some of it under thirty feet of silt and rubbish, the market-place familiar to Greeks as early as Herodotus and as late as Plutarch is now to become as accessible as the Forum is in Rome. Professor Capps of Princeton, laboring over a plan to raise $2,500,000 among the American universities for excavations in this most famous of unseen places, has just heard the good news that an anonymous donor has promised the whole of the required sum, to be paid in checks as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Greek Government and with the citizens of Athens who live on the site—whose house walls, we hear, are veritable museums of imbedded tablets, capitals, and bas-reliefs. We hope the work can proceed quickly, for temples lie under this common dirt, and there may very well be statues, archaic or classical, which it would be worth one's time to sail to Greece to see. It is pleasant to think that the Acropolis may one day look down and recognize its old friend the Agora, as the Capitoline and the Palatine have long been able to do with their old friend the Forum. Pausanias, who described it all, should be on hand to hear us say that he had done his Baedeker well.

TO THE BALTIMORE *SUN* go our deepest sympathies in the sudden death of its editor, John Haslup Adams—and to the entire profession of journalism. Writing in the *Sun*, Henry L. Mencken says that Mr. Adams was the only journalist he ever knew "who never made a visible compromise with his convictions." We have known others, but that does not keep us from believing that there is no finer tribute for the epitaph of a journalist. It is as much the right of the unselfish and devoted journalist to have this said at his grave as it is that of the soldier to have his unsullied sword upon his bier. Mr. Adams was of that category of editors who have believed that newspapers exist primarily to right injustice, not merely to make money as vulgarly as a chain of tobacco stores or a cut-rate bargain emporium. Hence his loss affects the whole profession—there are so few men with his type of conscience and his ideals left in it, and so few newspapers which value such a man and give him free rein. Like the lamented Frank I. Cobb, of the New York *World*, Mr. Adams died much too young—he was but fifty-six. Like Mr. Cobb, he was a great liberal, but one who felt that changed conditions made impossible the laissez faire doctrines of the great liberals who are the forefathers of the present day. He never lost faith and courage, despite years of almost unbearable physical suffering. To John W. Owens, who now succeeds him as editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, Mr. Adams has left the highest of writing standards and the noblest of editorial traditions.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES H. LEVERMORE ended a career of fine scholarship and steady effort in behalf of peace. For many years before he won the Bok peace prize in 1924, Dr. Levermore had been actively connected with various organizations working for international decency and the rule of reason. The $50,000 prize, relieving him of the necessity and restrictions of money-earning, made it possible for him to travel and investigate international relations at their sources. He has been in Europe the greater part of the time since 1924, continuing his close study of the machinery and activities of the League of Nations. With a certain fitness, death came to him while he was delivering a public lecture on peace. Men of the temper and learning of Dr. Levermore are rare, too rare, and it is a consolation to know that one of them lived long enough to taste honor and the fruits of honor, and to put to such satisfying use the money that a prize essay brought him.

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Politicians and Issues

WITH Nicholas Murray Butler we so rarely find ourselves in agreement that it is a pleasure to record the fact that he is rapidly becoming the *enfant terrible* of the Republican Party. Whether it is that he has abandoned as hopeless his own political ambitions and feels that he is now free to talk as he thinks, or whether the change is due to some other reason, he has, beginning with his prophecy that Calvin Coolidge would not run for re-election, rendered a genuine service in demanding that the candidates stop concealing their views and come forward and let the public know exactly where they stand. His latest offense consists in the speech, The Lost Art of Thinking, which he delivered before the Institute of Arts and Sciences in New York. In the course of that address he pointed out the familiar fact that

> the office-holding and office-seeking class dislikes thinking and pretty uniformly discredits both it and the thinker. To hold reasoned convictions, and to give public expression to them, is to incur criticism, possibly enmities, and to the office-holding and office-seeking class that is well-nigh fatal.

He added that as a result the office-holders and office-seekers "block the road of the people toward those higher and finer things which it is in their hearts to accomplish."

This is, of course, what we have been saying in *The Nation*, lo, these sixty-odd years. The offense is, moreover, as old as the politician, but it is true that since the war the art of thinking has been lost by wide American circles. There has been practically no political thinking at all, and the sinners are not merely politicians, but also clergymen, the legal fraternity, almost the entire press of the country, teachers, and everyone else who ought to reason and ought to apply critical yardsticks to what is happening, not only within our borders, but beyond. If that had not been the case Calvin Coolidge could not have lasted in the White House six months without becoming an object of public ridicule. It is not only that he never gives us an original or really worth-while thought, but that when he does say something to commend itself to liberal opinion the world over he promptly offsets it by moving in the opposite direction. Thus he failed in his Disarmament Conference at Geneva and now announces that he wants the army and navy to receive much larger appropriations—forgetting that he informed the American Legion at its Omaha meeting in 1925 that armaments have never prevented a country from being attacked or assured its success in a war.

The almost inevitable cowardice of the politicians is the more extraordinary because if they had the slightest courage, or intelligence in the reading of American history, they would know that the American people rally with enthusiasm to men whom they believe free and fearless, with the right to call their souls their own. It is true that they are often deceived by appearances, and that men to whom they gave support have subsequently turned out to have feet of clay. But until that was discovered the people supported them with joy, happy in the thought that at last they had discovered real men and not puppets. Hughes when he was Governor, Wilson and Roosevelt when they made war upon big business, Cleveland for some years, Foulke when he seemed bent on purifying the State of Indiana, Governor Hunt in Arizona where he is today doing admirable work, and many another have found the public backing them. But the politician continues to think that the only way to get ahead is to keep mum on all the pressing issues, hoping that if he offends no one the lightning will strike him as it struck Harding and Coolidge.

Mr. Butler's ire is rightly aroused because the leading Presidential candidates on both sides are, as our gifted Senator Reed of Missouri would say, "as mum as oysters stranded on the Massachusetts coast." Not one of them dares mutter; they are all engaged in hiding in bomb-proofs lest somebody ask them how they stand on prohibition, or on the tariff, or on disarmament, or the foreign debt, or some other worth-while issue. Mr. Butler lists nearly a dozen problems besides prohibition—the problems of the land and of the agriculturalists, of international cooperation to establish peace, of freeing the government from control of business and privilege, of doing away with lame-duck sessions of Congress among them. In short, he demands that the nation face the problems of its day. Everybody knows that the liberation of the government from big-business control, so loudly called for by both Wilson and Roosevelt in 1912, is much further from achievement than it was a decade and a half ago. Indeed, Mr. Butler might well have pointed out that no nation can stand still in the face of the ever-moving juggernaut of capital. With trusts and super-trusts and international trusts being formed every day—the latter chiefly aimed at the United States—to content ourselves with contemplation of the colossal number of automobiles, radio sets, phonographs, and moving-picture houses is to invite a day of most dangerous reckoning. Behind "prosperity" stand these terrible specters of corporation greed and avarice and the heaped-up billions of capital that, when in the hands of individuals, challenge the very existence of the political state.

It is also a gratifying event that, on the same day on which Mr. Butler spoke, Senator Borah publicly accepted an invitation to discuss in New York the status of prohibition in connection with the Constitution. He wants a showdown as to whether the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution is to be allowed to become a dead letter or not. That is courage and wisdom. Whether one is for or against prohibition the time has come to face it in all earnestness. We would put to every candidate the question: Are you Wet or Dry? If politically dry, do you drink intoxicating liquors? Whichever you are, what do you propose to do about the situation? Are you for or against the Constitution? Are you a conscientious objector to the obeying of the Volstead law? And then we should go on, and make them answer categorically without platitudes or glittering generalities how they stand on the tariff, and disarmament, and world peace; whether they believe that big business should continue to rule this country as it does now or not. It is high time, with corruption widespread in this country and official lawlessness flagrant from one end to the other, that pussyfooting should stop. If Mr. Butler and Senator Borah, and the Progressive Republican group, will put pistols to the heads of candidates, beginning with that delightful man of mystery, Herbert Hoover, and find out what they really think, they will do a valiant service to the entire country and its political life.

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National Flood Control

THERE are at last signs that the problem of flood control in the Mississippi Valley will be presented in the next Congress as one of national importance, a problem that can be solved adequately and permanently only by the federal government. Most heartening in this respect are the recent statements of certain members of the Administration. If their words were never heeded before, one hopes they will be in this instance. No public pronouncement, for example, is more pertinent to the whole problem than the declaration of Secretary of War Davis that the Mississippi River must be kept "in its banks and out of politics." If the Secretary's position had been accepted several years ago there is strong likelihood that "the greatest peace-time disaster that the United States has ever known" (as Herbert Hoover puts it) would never have occurred.

The importance of full federal control of the Mississippi flood problem has not been recognized by Congress. Petty pork-barrel legislation and independent State jealousies have been given precedence. States have been allowed to treat the matter as of more or less local concern, and the result has been the policy of always passing the water on to the next State downstream, and letting the people below look out for themselves. And the fruits of this shabby decentralized policy, as we were permitted to read in the papers three months ago, are destruction, desolation, and starvation for the people in the lower Mississippi Valley. In addition to these hardships is the irreparable destruction of farm land by the washing away of its choice topsoil. One cubic mile—equivalent to three inches from the top of 13,000,000 acres—finds its way to the gulf each year. With the possibility of similar catastrophes recurring each spring, it does not take genius to see that the Mississippi flood problem is most decidedly national in importance and that the administration of flood control for the entire region should be under one centralized federal bureau.

It should be equally plain that once Congress loses sight of the national aspect of the problem, the result can only be confusion, with a wonderful opportunity for the pork-barrel specialists to do their worst. Already greedy eyes have been watching the nation-wide sentiment for flood control, and plans are brewing to unite other schemes with the flood-control legislation. Hydro-electric power in the Boulder Canyon region, reclamation of arid lands, and flood relief are hailed as "one and the same problem." And it is just this sort of hokum which, following the devastating floods of 1912, resulted in the Newlands Act of 1917, a measure of some initial worth which became so palpably an omnibus log-rolling affair that it prejudiced flood relief throughout the country. Plainly, the record of the United States in the Mississippi Valley is not exemplary. But that is all the more reason why the next session of Congress should treat the matter with intelligence and deliberation, and that engineering skill should be allowed to work unhampered by political strings.

If the engineers are to accomplish a real solution they must be given a free hand. It is a problem that challenges their skill and knowledge to the utmost. The Mississippi River seems today more portentous than ever before; and man, despite the enormous progress of science, despite all his successes in harnessing the forces of nature for his own betterment, seems just a little weaker in comparison. One thing is certain; there is no single, simple solution. So far, there have been three broad theories of flood control. These are (1) "levees only," supported principally by the army engineers and the Mississippi River Commission; (2) levees plus spillways—a plan particularly favored by New Orleans, since it was the operation of the spillway theory in the blasting of the Poydras levee that saved New Orleans from inundation; and (3) levees plus spillways plus source control.

Through source control in reservoirs there is the possibility of both the generation of hydro-electric power and the creation of great inland waterways. The statement of President Coolidge in his address to the Red Cross that "in the solution of the problem we shall advance our system of inland waterways," and the belief of Secretary Hoover that the Mississippi River affords an opportunity for a revolution in inland transportation in America, give added weight to this third scheme of flood control. The practicability of hydro-electric power-generation through reservoirs, however, is questioned, because the bulk of the flood water does not originate in the higher lands where reservoirs are most feasible; and because the reservoirs, if they are to be effective in storing flood waters, would necessarily be empty part of the year—and empty reservoirs seem to be of no use. As to the "levees-only" policy, it was so patently responsible for the recent disaster that it will hardly again be accepted as the sole method of control. The flood records have demonstrated its inadequacy.

There are some objections to every method of flood control suggested. The problem obviously needs the most expert engineering attention of the nation, and Congress's first task is to collect and sift that expert information. Until the engineers and scientists, with the necessary data in hand, have reached a measure of agreement upon the proper solution, it should surely be the fervent hope of everyone that Secretary Davis's admonition to keep the river out of politics will be observed.

The End of "Abie's Irish Rose"

"THE success of 'Abie's Irish Rose,'" Anne Nichols has explained with the customary frankness of the creative artist, "is the result of its great message—the spirit of tolerance."

It must be admitted that the comedy did win the tolerance of Broadway, for it was performed 2,327 times at the Republic Theater. Back in May of 1922 the play was first shown to a New York audience; or, to express its longevity in more comprehensible terms, one actress who began as a flower girl in the cast at the age of ten ended the run in the character of a bridesmaid. Another member of the troupe found time to be married twice and once divorced as "Abie" ambled on.

It would be heartening to believe that the playwright's profit of $5,000,000 came wholly out of America's great love and passion for tolerance. During the life of this comedy celebrating denominational democracy the Ku Klux Klan rose and fell. Governor Smith wrote his famous letter explaining how one might be both Catholic and patriot. Henry Ford discovered a Jewish conspiracy and recanted. And here and there in minor ways race prejudice was manifest. Great as is the triumph of "Abie's Irish Rose,"

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it can hardly be maintained that universal brotherhood has come bounding in upon its heels. Millions saw the happy romance of Abie and Rosemary and though very many laughed not every heart was softened. There is a great gulf fixed between dramatic literature and life, and some who remained to applaud no doubt went down to business the next day and advertised for "Christians only."

Possibly Miss Nichols is mistaken. It may have been the jokes and not the message. Few plays have ever succeeded in gathering within a single evening so many of the old, familiar wheezes. Some have said that America is too new and lacks tradition. Yet there is love and reverence for the jokes of our ancestors. Buildings hallowed by age and gentle memories may go down because they stand across the march of progress, but not the warm and humorous belief that Irishmen bridle and grow apoplectic at even the most casual mention of an orange. Nor will America surrender its belief that twins are by nature a fact hilariously funny.

The critics said that "Abie's Irish Rose" was cheap and sentimental folly. Ten million paying patrons flocked to see the play. Ten million Americans can't be wrong? Perhaps not; but there was a Harding landslide. It is a healthy sign, to be sure, that there should be a public opinion unterrified by any dogma issued through a little group of wilful men. If the ten million enjoyed "Abie's Irish Rose" they were quite right and justified in trampling down the censures of a handful of newspaper critics.

Still, it is difficult to accept the contention that the vast revenues of the play prove beyond doubt that all professional reviewers are dolts and pedants. There remains posterity to be considered. It is by no means certain that "Abie's Irish Rose" will linger through centuries of revival. Nor can the final test be left wholly to the ages. If ten million persons can be wrong over a stretch of five years, ten thousand might err for many decades. There must be somewhere a court of last resort, though it is difficult to locate it this side of Paradise. When Judgment Day roars round, there ought in all reason to be critical comment upon plays as well as people. Celestial criticism would be without bias and quite independent of the box office. How will "Abie's Irish Rose" fare in this last review? There is at least a chance that it will go to the pit accompanied by hissing. The children of light, we have reason to believe, are interested for the most part in the potential magnificence of man. Miss Nichols made him ludicrous and banal.

Even after fame and fortune came to Miss Nichols she remained bitter against those journalists who said her little play was not so good. And is there tolerance in this? The critics have a right to sneer at the ten million. A minority need not be liberal-minded when the odds against it grow overwhelming. One does not carry gifts of gold to Midas. Rather the responsibility of tolerance rests upon the great cheering horde which likes the Nichols drama. There should be compassion for the few who tried to hold the pass against an army.

Take, for instance, the glamorous example of Robert Benchley. For fifty-two weeks in each of the five years he reiterated his opinion that the play was catastrophic. Those who know the man feel certain that he will never weaken. Indeed he is among the happy ones who need not fumble for a fitting message when his final hour approaches. Surely those who stoop for his last words have every reason to expect a thin, devoted whisper: "'Abie's Irish Rose' is rotten."

"The Good Gray Poet"

OUR favorite Irishman for the moment is William Douglas O'Connor, whose pamphlet in defense of Walt Whitman, "The Good Gray Poet," has just been reprinted in Canada. Henry S. Saunders, Toronto enthusiast for Whitman and other important causes, has with his own hands set up and bound 125 copies of the little book first issued by O'Connor in 1866, and it will take two dollars to get one of these copies. We wish the book were to be more accessible. In a proper society it would be distributed to everybody free—though in such a society there would never have been need for the thing to be written.

The need was this. On June 30, 1866, Whitman was summarily dismissed from his post in the Department of the Interior at Washington, and in response to inquiries into the reasons for such action the Secretary of the Department, James Harlan, gave out that Whitman had been discovered to be the author of "Leaves of Grass," a book "full of indecent passages," proving that their maker must be "a very bad man" and a "free lover." Protests from Whitman's friends led Harlan to admit that it would be difficult to prove the badness of the book, and even that he had now revised his judgment of the man. But Harlan thought it better not to invite the poet back, and the poet would ask no favors. O'Connor, who was one of Whitman's warmest and most intelligent friends, waited nine weeks for something to happen. Nothing did, and he poured his pamphlet forth.

It has been called "the most brilliant monograph in American literature." It is at any rate all red-hot, from the first indignant word to the last. It is a stream of fire directed at the head not only of Harlan but of any censor who was ever to come after him. And it is as complete an arsenal of ammunition against censorship in general as anyone, even in these fundamentalist days, would want to borrow from. All the arguments we moderns use are here. O'Connor declared first that Whitman and his book were not bad—his rhetoric on the theme of Whitman's goodness being, as Professor Holloway has recently pointed out, a little excessive but tending toward a substantially accurate statement. He declared next that even if they were bad it was not the business of a Secretary of the Interior to do anything about it. And he asked at last whether all such questions should not be left to the simple reader rather than to that large class of persons whom he had once heard Whitman call "the immutable granitic pudding-heads of the world." Which is all there is to say, we think, upon the subject of the censor.

"If," wrote O'Connor, "rising to the utmost cruelty of conception, I can dare add to the calamities of genius a misery so degrading and extreme as to imagine the great authors of the world condemned to clerkships under Mr. Harlan, I can at least mitigate that dream of wretchedness and insult by adding the fancy of their fate under the action of his principles." Then he showed how Moses, Homer, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and a dozen others would have suffered and been suppressed. It is an argument which liberal lawyers today are using in the courts without too much success.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

DR. JUNG in Zurich has an assistant named Miss Wolfe. When American men come with shattered nerves they are sent to her for preliminary consultation and confession. The doctor believes that America is a land sodden with the worship of women. The wife, the mother, and even the niece stand upon a pedestal in the United States according to the notion of foreign observers. It is the function of Miss Wolfe to remove this cursed misconception of feminine perfection and ease the crick out of the neck of the idolators. Neurotics go away entirely cured and mumbling something about the fundamental similarity between the Colonel and Judy O'Grady.

I do not know the precise nature of Miss Wolfe's technique, but it is no great trick to prove that women are not so much. I mean not a whit more or less than men. To work on a paper with a woman, to attend a coeducational school, or even to fall in love should carry conviction of the basic equality of the sexes. Where on earth does this notion come from that American men think of women as in some peculiar way divine? And I wouldn't have asked that question if I didn't know the answer.

There is, or used to be, the toast "To the Ladies." Mother's Day persists and the Southern gentleman sometimes finds his way into print. But whoever took any of that nonsense seriously? This time I don't know the answer. A foreigner may be excused if he is fooled by our national hyperbole, but there should be less patience with a native who compounds the fallacy.

Distinctly in my mind is Louis Bromfield, who writes novels and won a Pulitzer Prize. Before embarking on a lecture tour the young man said that the American woman lorded it over her fellows because she had been led to believe that she was pure and holy. This is a second distillation out of the roots of folly. I will admit that I have known women in politics and elsewhere to seize upon traditional sex eulogies and try to pass them off as honest coin, but even these deceivers grin and give up the instant the base metal is clinked against the counter. If a man is foolish enough to treat a woman as a saint she may allow the impression to ride, but that is no proof that she herself believes it. And, as a matter of fact, she is almost certain to tell him to leave off kneeling and to provide adequate and logical persuasion. Saints do not seem to have much fun.

Of course I belittle masculine intelligence in suggesting that only fools go in for talk about the purity of American womanhood. Rascals have had recourse to just such oratory. Bosses with well-oiled machines were against the extension of the franchise. Probably they did not believe that all the new voters would be reformers, but they were disposed to let well enough alone. To the credit of women it may be said that they have been muddle-headed, corrupt, and incompetent at the polls in precisely the same manner as men. Recent disclosures of census-taking at Albany are in many ways deplorable, but at least they indicate the rapid approach of the day when it will be necessary for no man to take off his hat in any elevator. Even at the present time I think a well-informed American has the right to boast that there is less chivalry and more comradeship between men and women in our land than in any other nation of the world.

Sometimes the point is admitted with regret. The belief prevails that the gross Anglo-Saxon understands nothing of the art of love and that rich American girls are forever marrying foreigners. This is one of the subjects upon which statistics are meager, and I contend that the international alliance is rare rather than otherwise, in proof of which I cite the fact that it is always first-page stuff.

Mr. Bromfield includes in his lecture the observation that marriage is a failure in America because the American male works so hard that he has no time to pay women charming attentions. Many American marriages fail. So do French and English marriages. Surely the divorce rate is no fair test of marital success or failure. The causes for secession are many, and few I believe are purely local. The hag-ridden, hard-working American man is largely a legendary figure. He, too, is the creation of the casual European tripper. We have no leisure class, I am told, but here in New York, the traditional hive of industry, you can find thirty thousand people at a double-header in the Yankee Stadium on almost any sunny afternoon.

Possibly the American business man keeps slightly longer hours than are known in Latin countries, but he takes longer and more frequent vacations. Anyhow, not very much goes on in an office. It is perfectly simple to get hold of a couple of bond-salesmen for bridge on any afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, when they play golf. The supposed high pressure of a newspaper office is largely fictional. There may be one or two executives about the premises who like to yell, but that is of no consequence. Even the grinding gravity of weekly intellectual publications I find greatly exaggerated. Before I ever attended a conference at *The Nation* I was terrified because Dorothy Parker had said: "You won't be able to hear a word on account of the clanking of the Phi Beta Kappa keys." She was mistaken.

But to return to women and their alleged dominating saintliness, another charge remains to be answered. It is said that our literature and our drama grow increasingly feminine. The theory of the theater is that man pays for the seats but woman selects the show. What is the result? Thirty years ago the best-known American playwright was Clyde Fitch. Today Eugene O'Neill rules the roost. This does not seem to me a diminution of virility. My earliest memory of an American best-seller is "Richard Carvel." And now "Elmer Gantry" sweeps the country. If the prevalent literary taste has become over-sentimentalized through feminine influence, just what is the reason for the success of Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis? Naturally I do not accept the theory that men are realistically minded and women

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romantical. If I had any faith in generalizations I would be prepared to argue just the other way about. I think it is likely that women read more books than men, but since the standards of our native literature are constantly rising I see no reason for complaint.

If I may quote again from Louis Bromfield I should like to mention the fact that he believes it odd that in a country so young and vigorous as America "the subject of love should be taboo." Where has Mr. Bromfield been keeping himself? If he means that there is very little frank discussion of sex in current novels or upon the stage I will agree with him. The theater grows less shamefaced, but the road to freedom still stretches many miles ahead of us. Naturally the shout of the censors is without significance. There has been no American generation which did not insist that its own particular theater had reached the lowest depths of degradation. Back in the eighties Anthony Comstock expressed precisely the same concern about nudity in musical comedies which agitates Mr. Banton, the New York district attorney, today.

However, we do not learn wholly from the lips of players or from the printed word. I feel that there has been an extraordinary advance in conversational limitations. It has not been my privilege to hear "Shall we join the ladies?" for fifteen years. Preachers are correct in complaining that anecdotes once known only to barrooms now pass about a dinner table. If the question is asked whether it is admirable that custom should permit the telling of ribald stories in the presence of honorable women I shall answer "Yes" without hesitation. My love of ribaldry is not intense. Most of the stories are not much good, but they serve as symbols. When a fairly strong tale goes by unrebuked a barrier goes with it. Once smoke and smut were reserved wholly for men. Accordingly, these vices might justly be called anti-social. The woman who smokes and says "Have you heard this one?" is bringing about a better and a cleaner America. A story with a double edge acts as an ice-breaker. It is not possible to hold serious conversation until all the taboos which chill the spirit have been splintered. Men and women talk much more honestly to each other than ever before in America because the need for being finicky is abating.

Here's to the ladies! Sweet rest to them in the churchyards where they lie. They didn't ask to be pure and protected and fragile. I don't believe they even wanted to be ladies.

HEYWOOD BROUN

"Norris for President"

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Washington, October 25

THE Progressive Senators in Washington have announced a new coalition, led by Senator Borah, to support Norris for President.

"George Norris is the only honest man in political life in America," says a cynical Washington correspondent. The hard-boiled gentry of the press actually believe the Nebraska Senator when he says he does not want the Republican nomination for President and allows his name to be used against his will. Certainly there is no other man in Washington whom they do not suspect of Presidential ambitions.

Norris knows that he will not be President, or Republican nominee for President, and he would not want to be if he could. He lacks the sanguine enthusiasm of his lifelong friend, the late Senator La Follette, and though his political life has been one long fight he has not La Follette's zest for battle. Norris has been fighting Muscle Shoals and the power trust, sometimes almost single-handed, for a decade, and he is still fighting, but he is too clear-headed to be an ardent hoper. He would rather encourage independent voting than build up a loyal party following—as he showed when he entered the barony of Pennsylvania and spoke there, as a Republican United States Senator, against Republican corruption and in behalf of the Democratic candidate for the Senatorship. Nebraska voters, be it said in their honor, respect that kind of independence. The Republican organization in that State includes some of the same breed of patronage-hounds as infest the G. O. P. in other States, but when George Norris's turn for reelection came up they stopped baying, and Senator Norris—despite the fact that nine-tenths of the Nebraska press was against him and that he did not stop work to make a speech—was overwhelmingly reelected. And next year Nebraska's delegation will be for Norris for President. Even Governor Adam MacMullin, who recently informed Mr. Lowden of Illinois that the corn-fields of Iowa were thirsting for Lowden, is at work changing his mind. Wisconsin, the Dakotas, Idaho, will probably be for him too; and half a dozen other States are possibilities. Such a bloc should at least have a voice and influence in the convention.

The Northwest is unhappy. It isn't dreaming dreams of a Progressive Messiah, but it is acutely aware that the price of wheat, ignoring Mr. Coolidge's proclamations of prosperity, has just made another low record. The Northwest wants farm relief, wants it badly, really needs it. That, of course, is the economic impulse behind the gathering of the Progressive Senators and the launching of the Norris "boom."

From a legislative point of view the most interesting thing about this Progressive revival is that Senator Borah is leading it. He called the conference which sent forth the call to battle, and the publicity statements have been issued from his office. Now Senator Borah has always been an independent, but he has usually played a solitary hand. He did not support Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, or Mr. La Follette in 1924. He has not crossed party lines as Mr. Norris did in Pennsylvania, and he has made most of his brilliant fights in the Senate as a lone lion. If he wants company now, wants to cooperate and organize, that is a healthy sign. The Progressive bloc will have the balance of power in the next Senate, and unless the Democrats all desert to Mr. Mellon they should be able to make Congress lively. Since the death of the elder La Follette they have, however, lacked dramatic and effective leadership.

The cynical see other thoughts in the lines on Mr. Borah's forehead. He supports the candidacy of Senator

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Norris, who has no chance. He assures his visitors that Mr. Coolidge does not wish to run for office because the President sees business bumps ahead and does not choose to take the blame for them. He is against Mr. Lowden because of the Missouri scandals which he himself exposed in 1920; against Mr. Hughes as the private attorney, in office and out, of the Standard Oil Company; against Mr. Dawes because of the Lorimer bank scandal; and, while he professes respect for Mr. Hoover, he fears that the war-time fixation of the price of wheat would make it impossible for Hoover to win the West. Which, to be sure, seems to leave William E. Borah as the residuary legatee of the Norris bloc and perhaps as the logical nominee of a deadlocked National Convention. It is possible that this thought may have occurred to the Senator from Idaho, and may have something to do with his zeal for Norris.

Mr. Borah has just announced liquor as the paramount issue of the next campaign—or rather the question of obedience to the Constitution that underlies the liquor question. But the politician fears to touch the liquor issue on a national scale. Norris, himself a Dry, has had the honesty to blurt out that he would rather support for President an honest Wet like "Al" Smith than a dishonest "Dry" like Mr. Mellon, or a "Dry" who doesn't dare peep on the subject, like Mr. Hoover or Mr. Coolidge. (If "Al" continues his recent reverential silence on the liquor question Norris may find still more to say.) But few have the Nebraskan's freedom of speech. One Progressive Dry Senator from an arid Western State said: "If Al should run against Cal, I'd pray for Al, but in public I'd be so damned silent you wouldn't know I existed." Furthermore, the Progressives are not united on the issue. Borah, Norris, Brookhart, the North Dakota Senators, and Shipstead of Minnesota are all Dry; but Wisconsin is Wet—and what is a Progressive movement without a La Follette? Liquor, it is safe to say, will not be too heavy a plank in the Western Progressive platform.

They all want farm relief. No issue is so popular in the corn and wheat States. But while Mr. Borah opposed the McNary-Haugen bill, Mr. Norris has his own plan for a government marketing corporation, and almost all the other Progressives supported the Haugen bill only for lack of a better standard. Yet here is the crux of the Western movement—the one cause that fires the prairies. It is possible that the Senators, conferring, can reach common ground; they are all willing to shift position a little. They consciously represent a Western protest against the domination of Congress and of legislation by the industrial East. The tariff, they argue, has been a subsidy to Eastern manufacturers, and the Mellon crowd continues to expect its raw materials to come in duty-free while its finished products are protected. No one in the Western group has the courage and vision and optimism—a bit of blind optimism would be necessary—to lash out at the whole system of special protection. Instead of demanding a free field for all, these Progressives tend to climb on the tariff wagon and to demand their part in privilege. This latest Progressive revolt threatens to simmer down to North Dakota's demand for a duty on flax-seed and Idaho's for protection against Egyptian and Turkish onions! It reminds one painfully of Hiram Johnson's historic plea for the patriotic California lemon.

Yet in this Western group is the hope of American politics—such as it is! Against the domination of American life by the Mellon-Gary type of mind they stand almost alone—and they have made a gallant fight. They have slowed the pace at which private corporations can grab the people's heritage of water-power, and on that issue they are united. They have a quick, instinctive resentment of America's imperialism in Mexico and Nicaragua, and of naval concentrations in China. It was the Western group which forced the investigation of the oil scandals, and the Supreme Court's decision is their victory. They do stand out, without oratory or blah, against corruption in political life. George Norris is that dodo of politics, a genuinely independent man. When a group of Senators rallies about him and announces its belief that he can carry a dozen State primaries, it is time for us of the East to wake up.

The Hampton Strike

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

THE wave of revolt against local conditions that has already aroused Negro students at Fisk, Howard, Lincoln, Shaw, Johnson Smith, and other institutions has reached Hampton Institute, where it was long overdue.

Hampton is beautifully situated, adequately endowed, and has a fine tradition of human service. Its principal is a white man; most of its teachers are white, but there are several Negroes on the faculty. For many years the Hampton students have been a selected group, coming, in large part, from the best homes of black Virginia. They have been self-respecting, healthy, eager young folk, obedient and patient by nature and more so by Hampton training.

The "Hampton idea" of education has been long and tirelessly exploited. It was based on a program of industrial training for Negroes, the discouraging of college work, and the exploitation of certain methods of "learning by doing." This program has broken down under its own weight. The South came to want Hampton graduates as teachers because they were thought to "know their place," to be docile and uncontaminated by college "ideals." At the same time the South was coming to recognize certain required standards of education for teachers, both white and colored, and in some cases even asked a college degree.

Hampton was thus compelled to meet more modern educational standards. A survey by a Harvard professor showed that her educational system was not effective and—worst of all—that Hampton graduates were becoming teachers, physicians, and lawyers, instead of cooks, carpenters, and farmers. Consequently Hampton was forced to raise her standards and to establish college courses. She now offers the degree of Bachelor of Science in agriculture and teaching and has nearly 400 college students. But this very yielding to the new educational standards brought internal difficulties. Hampton was no longer dealing with docile and half-grown elementary students, regimented to strict military discipline; she had to deal with older college men who were thinking for themselves.

The growing dissatisfaction among these students led repeatedly to petitions which were laid before various departments and the president and administrative officers. Most of the petitions were denied. A student council was formed, but it is dominated by the faculty. In 1923 the students struck for a characteristic cause. According to

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the "Hampton idea" a student is especially honored if he is made servant to a teacher. One such student chauffeur failed in his duties and was denied the right to participate in the concert. The whole student chorus struck and a public concert had to be "postponed."

And the students have struck again. Today they state their grievances thus:

They want the educational system so revised at Hampton that "we shall no longer be subjected to instruction from teachers whose education is below that of the average student." "All teachers in the trade school should have at least high-school training." They ask that the whole educational system be improved, especially "in the academy, the trade school, and the school of agriculture." They declare that the institution should live up to the courses prescribed in the catalogue, especially in the trade school, and in the matter of electives, which they claim are "electives" today only in name.

Secondly, the students object to the present regime of discipline at Hampton: men are required to dress in uniform and to be members of the military cadet body. They ask that they be at least allowed to lay aside their uniforms "from Saturday noon until Sunday morning inspection," and they want the cadet officers chosen hereafter by competitive examination instead of by official favor.

They complain about the food. Despite increased payment for board this year the food is just as bad: they still have beans and molasses four times a week. They complain about the laundry: clothes are lost and torn without compensation to the students.

Hampton is a coeducational school. The boys and girls want to associate with one another and the authorities at Hampton seem to regard this as suspicious if not wrong. It was this spirit that precipitated the present strike. The students demand increased social privileges: they want the right to dance with the girls, which is now allowed only to seniors and then only once a year; they want ten days vacation instead of six at Christmas.

About two years ago college students and senior high-school students were granted the privilege of taking girls to certain evening exercises at the school—among these, the Saturday night cinema. The plan has seemed to work well. At any rate, the students declare, during the two years no complaint has been made to the student body, either through the Student Council or otherwise, of the conduct of students on these occasions. It is probably true that there was some love-making, but if there is any institution in the United States, white or black, where this does not occur we have yet to hear of it.

Nevertheless, on Saturday night, October 8, during the movie show, most of the lights were left burning, the authorities merely informing the students that this was necessary "to insure the greater decorum of the escorting parties." The students were angry. They felt that proper order had been maintained and they regarded the incident as a "direct insult to the student body and especially to the womanhood of the Negro race." They showed their resentment on Sunday by refraining from singing during church services, in spite of the presence of Sir Gordon Guggisberg and the pleas of the principal, and by refusing to submit to military inspection. They organized the men and appointed a Student Protest Committee to lay their grievances before the faculty. The students maintained perfect order, but the faculty secured Southern white men to patrol the campus at night. Then began one of those silly games of stalemate which colleges are so fond of staging:

Students (Monday morning): "Hear our complaints!"

Faculty (Monday noon): "First go back to classes!"

Students (Monday afternoon): "We'll go, but hear our complaints and promise no punishment for this protest."

Faculty (Monday night): "We will hear the complaints but we promise no immunity to the men; we will not, however, blame the women or new students."

Thereupon the principal on Wednesday proceeded first to commend the order and discipline maintained by the students and then went on to suspend the ringleaders; and on Thursday the whole school, men and women, new and old, struck again. The Administrative Board then closed Hampton Institute "until further notice."

Three hundred students left. Letters were sent to parents stating: "We shall require all those wishing to return to apply in writing to the vice-principal for readmission. *This application must be accompanied by a pledge of loyalty and obedience.*" (Italics ours.)

Slowly the students are drifting back. Their parents for the most part have joined with Dr. Gregg and the Hampton faculty to force them into submission. The strike has thus failed, and the compelling forces at Hampton are free to proceed with the Hampton "idea." The faculty is riding high in the saddle. An onlooker writes me:

> Very much depends on public opinion in this affair. The authorities are crediting this strike as the work of disobedient boys and girls who were led on to do what they did. On the other hand, each student I have talked with has impressed me with the serious attitude he has taken in the matter—with each one of them it became a holy cause. The strike to them was not a prank, in fact it was partly forced on them; but when they found themselves too deeply involved to back out, they went straight ahead with great religious fervor. Previous petitions have always been ignored; their student council has six faculty members; and they felt drastic action was necessary if they were to be heard this time. Many are arguing that the students went about their strike in the wrong manner; but be that as it may, they carried it through in an orderly and manly fashion that brought commendation. . . .
>
> Through my own observations and experiences, and what I have learned from others in a position to know what they are talking about, I have become keenly aware of the state of hypocrisy, racial prejudice, and backwardness into which Hampton has fallen.

As a result five students were dismissed, twenty-nine suspended, and thirty made "temporarily ineligible."

Advice to a Mendicant

By LYNN RIGGS

Learn this: your mind, in straying after
Tiger lily, tufted sedge
In their lush paths, can never build
Under itself a rocky ledge.

Turn to the stony seed unhusked,
Turn to the oak so brightly vined:
These are the slow and adamantine
Givers of granite to the mind.

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Fights and Flights in the Newspapers

By SILAS BENT

RUTH ELDER'S oversea hop is acclaimed by the daily press as a triumph, although she fell more than six hundred miles short of her destination, and seems from the headlines to have accomplished nothing much beyond saving her lipstick. Flying over water is a commonplace, and Miss Elder was not the first woman to undertake it; but her adventure is described as "sheer daring," and herself as "the prettiest, bravest of girls."

In view of the stories as cabled to the American newspapers, my allusion to the lipstick may seem ill-natured. Let us see. The Associated Press vouched for this daredevil feat:

> Before their descent to the sea . . . her courage was tested in a breath-taking manner. The fliers had been driving their plane, even then slowed down by a defective oil line, through a sleet storm. The tail of the plane, on which a heavy coating of sleet had formed, became too heavy for the machine to be kept on an even keel.
>
> Something had to be done to right this. There was some gasoline stored in the tail of the plane—a reserve supply to be used in an emergency. Haldeman and Miss Elder consulted each other regarding what should be done. They decided the reserve supply of gasoline would have to be jettisoned. They then took their turns at the stick while one or the other crawled along the icy fuselage of the plane and threw overboard some of the reserve supply.
>
> Miss Elder took her turn at crawling along the fuselage without a tremor, it was related, and, this chore accomplished, returned to do her shift at the stick.

How ungallant to call it a chore! You get the picture: a dauntless heroine buffeting icy midatlantic blasts as she crawls over a sleety, sloping surface, with watery wastes yawning beneath her. How thin and sterile the ten-twenty-thirty melodrama in comparison with such a situation! Who shall say Miss Elder doesn't deserve the pulpwood encomiums heaped upon her? Well, let "Bill" Brock and "Ed" Schlee, who actually flew across the Atlantic, in a plane precisely like Miss Elder's—let them say it.

"Once you are in the cabin of that plane," they explained to the New York *Evening Post*, "you can't get out on the fuselage as long as you are in flight. It simply can't be done. Silly to talk about it." They added that there was no aperture in the plane making it possible to get out of the cabin to the top of the wing and thence to the tail. It seems a pity that mere physical fact should interfere with a story so romantic that the Associated Press and its member newspapers swallowed it hook, line, and sinker. Romance and peril was what was wanted, to build circulation. For the sake of circulation, a heroine is still being made of a young woman.

The flight is another in the chain stimulated by the successful journey of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, which was arranged as a publicity stunt to put St. Louis, Missouri, on the map, and succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its promoters. The chain has included an aerial derby to Honolulu, to advertise a "pineapple king," which cost seven lives. The majority of these events, encouraged by the press because they help sell papers, have left tragedy in their wake.

The newspapers of this country have just come through their first peace-time summer without a slump in circulation. In a page "spread" the New York *World* declares that in the six months ended September 30 "one event of international importance followed fast upon the heels of another. . . . When news of transcendent importance is afield it is to the *World* that New Yorkers turn in ever-increasing numbers for the most authoritative, quickest, and most reliable account of world events." *Editor and Publisher*, however, offers no pious palaver about "news of transcendent importance." It frankly entitles a leading article: Fights and Flights Banished the Slump from Summer Circulations. The New York dailies, its figures show, have gained an aggregate of 400,000 daily sales, and similar benefits were reaped the country over. The Dempsey-Sharkey fight sent the Seattle *Times* circulation up 113,729, which was three thousand more than the gain on Lindbergh's flight; while the Dempsey-Tunney fight gave a gain of 15,000 more than Lindbergh. The circulation manager wired the trade journal: "I believe this type of news has genuine circulation-building power; the best, in fact, we have yet experienced." From many other quarters the cry was echoed. "Sports seemingly fetch more and hold more than crime news," said the Philadelphia *Enquirer*. Of all the papers quoted, only one attributed its advance to crusading. "Our gain," said the St. Louis *Star*, "may best be attributed to the steadfast policy of this newspaper in defending the interests of the public in several outstanding issues during the last year, rather than to any sensational news."

Flights got due credit, but not one word was whispered about prize fights when the New York *Times* polled the publishers and printed their views under the headline What Increased Newspaper Sales. Ralph Pulitzer of the *World* said that paper's gain was accentuated by a reduction in price, a fact ignored in the page advertisement. The others spoke of "an abnormal amount of news," "unusual and stirring events," greater proportionate literacy since the stoppage of immigration, and "a widening interest in news happenings." But not one word about the squared circles, a strange instance of ingratitude. It was too bad that no statement was obtained from the *Evening Post*, which outdistanced them all in the proportion of its gain. In the year ending the first of October it doubled its circulation. "More sports play than last year," said *Editor and Publisher*, "is the crux of the *Evening Post's* story."

Occasional peaks of sales from sensational events alone do not mean substantially higher levels of circulation; the theory is that they make new readers, and make old readers buy more editions, and that some of the gain is maintained between times. The New York *Journal*, which has a highly responsive audience, affords an instance of how certain circulation-building stories have fattened its figures during the late spring and the summer months; the circulation of the paper is 680,000, and the peaks are given in round numbers.

May 10—Snyder-Gray murder verdict and disappearance of the Nungesser-Coli plane, 106,000 gain.

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May 21—Lindbergh's arrival in Paris, 170,000 gain.
June 6—Chamberlain and Levine land in Germany, 95,000 gain.
July 22—Day after Dempsey beat Sharkey, when discussion of foul added interest, 85,000 gain.
August 23—Sacco-Vanzetti execution, 50,000 gain.

The only event of "transcendent importance" in this list was the Sacco-Vanzetti execution, and it was at the bottom of the list as a circulation stimulant. All the others were prearranged and press-agented exhibition stunts, to which the newspapers lent their columns in order to pad their sales. The advertiser demands mass circulation; and the newspapers are generous with free advertising of commercial sport and aviation enterprises, however dubious their nature, when there is the prospect of a circulation gain.

The period under discussion included other big stories. There was the Mississippi flood and the Geneva conference on naval limitation, during which the world saw with astonishment that Great Britain and the United States were eyeing each other with a view to "the next war." In the spring there was an arrangement between the Federal Reserve Board and the central banks of France and England to maintain a low interest rate here, which would improve the international position of the franc and pound, and would enable the Treasury to refund our Second Liberties at advantageous terms. The low interest rate and cheap money brought an orgy of Wall Street speculation, but the story about the Federal Reserve Board did not get onto the first pages until a minor development fitted it into the journalistic pattern of sensationalism. When the board commanded the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago to maintain its low rate, despite an announced increase, there was the threat of court proceedings and a Congressional fight. Here was conflict, and the story made Page One.

But none of these stories was "played" by the press, for none of them had the thrilling emotional quality thought necessary for circulation building. The Gray-Snyder murder trial shouldered the Mississippi flood, which imperiled a million and a half of the population and made 700,000 homeless, over to the inside pages. The press is preoccupied with thrills; and a tabloid picture paper outbids its big brothers by paying $100,000 for Ruth Elder's "own" story, that its readers may have an illusion of intimacy. The newspaper's function, on which its privileged status and Constitutional guaranty are based, has been abdicated.

Austria Wavers Toward Reaction

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, October 5

"AUSTRIA," once remarked one of those witty self-critics whom Vienna has produced in far greater numbers than she has vigorous reformers, "is destined to be always one idea too late." The present ever-growing movement of the *Heimwehr*, or home-defense forces, also called *Selbstschutz* and *Selbstwehr*, is proof that the epigram is still true.

The movement grew indirectly out of the riots and shooting of July 15. The majority of those engaged in promoting it would declare that it grew directly out of those deplorable events, but that is not so. I have recently spent a month traveling all over Austria, and have had some opportunity of judging how serious things are, how great a gulf yawns between the Clerical provinces and the Socialist capital. What struck me everywhere was the honest conviction among the peasantry and small tradespeople of the provincial towns and cities that July 15 was an attempt by the Social Democratic Party to carry out a *coup-de-main*, to imprison or execute the Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, nationalize all property, and govern through the dictatorship of the proletariat. These things sound so ridiculous to all persons, whether enemies or friends, who study the principles of Social Democracy as well as those of other political creeds, that I may be suspected of exaggerating. I am not. The view of July 15 which I have set forth here was expressed to me, not once, but a dozen times during my tour, and in every case sincerely. It is not to be wondered at that timid peasants and small-business men, under this impression, are forming fours, prodding at sacks of straw supposed to represent human bodies, and shooting holes in paper targets all over the countryside in preparation for a hand-to-hand fight which shall end the Red Terror of Vienna forever.

The task of the nationalist agitators was not a hard one. Vienna, standing for a bureaucracy concerned only with securing the personal aims of the Hapsburg family, is disliked in the provinces as it was in the lands of the "Nationalities" which have now left Austria. Always there has been a gulf between Vienna and the countryside greater than that existing between most capitals and their provinces. The social contrast between the gay, super-sophisticated capital and the backward, grave, devout Catholic German provinces or the often semi-Europeanized "nationalities" helped to deepen it. After the revolution Vienna became doubly a bugbear. There ruled the Socialists, the enemies of the church, the men who wanted to steal the peasant's half acre, to confiscate his produce, and give it to lazy dogs of workmen and mechanics whose ambition it was to riot in luxury in Vienna. There, too, in so far as the Socialists did not rule the roost, the "Jewish bankers" who speculated and increased the cost of living did.

Then came stabilization. The speculative banks collapsed, the power of the big banks diminished while they were busy trying to cut their losses in safety, and the provincial banks attained an undreamed-of importance. Dr. Ramek, a country solicitor from Salzburg, formed a government behind which stood the Clerical banks of the provinces. The Socialists had to stabilize their municipal finances in Vienna as Dr. Seipel and then Dr. Ramek had the national finances with the help of the League loan. As it became clear that the former would never possess the majority in Austria (or lose it in Vienna), so their attitude (which had often been aggressive) was modified. A certain amount of cooperation had begun between them and the Ramek Cabinet when a series of financial scandals, which in no way affected the Chancellor but did concern a

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a number of his lieutenants, brought a fresh change. Dr. Seipel, a statesman of great ability but without much belief in compromise, again took the reins. The big Vienna banks, now recovered, resumed the financial control. The Socialists, after some slight gains at the elections this summer, began a violent campaign against the Chancellor. For the provinces, Vienna, which because of Dr. Seipel, the big banks, and the increasingly more aggressive Socialists had disappointed provincial hopes, became more detestable than ever. It was not easy in these circumstances to persuade the disgruntled provinces that the Social Democrats had, by a miracle, failed to set up a proletarian dictatorship on July 15.

I write as one who is neither Socialist nor Clerical, but merely a well-wisher to Austrians of both parties. It is beyond question that much of the fault lies at the door of the Socialists, some of whom have incurred natural suspicion by the violence of their language. By playing at soldiers ever since the revolution with their *Republikanische Schutzbund,* they have made it difficult for themselves to complain of the undoubted illegality under the Treaty of St. Germain of these Fascist-like organizations of *Heimwehr* which are springing up and drilling all over the countryside. They committed the grave error of calling for a complete amnesty for all those arrested in connection with the July disorders. A great many of the charges brought against those arrested have been revealed as trivial, but although no really grave case of rioting has yet been tried, some of the offenders were certainly not of the type for whom the Socialist Party should have taken up the cudgels. But they were infuriated by the fact that the Government did nothing for the many obviously innocent victims of the shooting, though large sums were paid out to the police, and that so far the Socialists have been unable to obtain satisfaction for their charges of unnecessary police brutality. Slowly the Socialists realized the strength of the feeling against them—it is tremendous and sincere, though based on an absurd misreading of the events of July 15—throughout the country and became more conciliatory.

It became clear to the reactionaries long before it did to the Socialists what a weapon July 15 had delivered into their hands. The provinces knew and cared nothing about the shocking miscarriage of justice which had provoked the workers to noisy protest, knew nothing of the efforts of the Socialist leaders to calm the mobs at the risk of their lives, knew nothing of the attempts of the Socialist *Republikanische Schutzbund* to help the firemen to end incendiarism and to restore order without violence. The failure of these efforts entitles the Right to query the extent of the leaders' influence over the masses and to laugh at the utility of the *Schutzbund.* It should in honor prohibit the extreme Right press from continually holding up these leaders as "Moscow Bolshevists." The provinces, realizing only that Vienna had "been at it again," were only too ready to listen to appeals to join in the parades of these new formations.

There was a chance directly after July 15—which is unlikely ever to recur—of burying with the eighty-five dead those bitter animosities and indecencies of political controversy which created the atmosphere in which July 15 was possible and which imperil the existence of the Austrian state. Councilor Julius Meinl, Austria's great multiple shopowner, whose businesses may be found from the shores of the Adriatic to the steppes of Poland, a non-party man but anything but a Socialist, sent a large donation to the President of the Republic to be used to open a Reconciliation Fund for the innocent victims of the disorders, without distinction of party. The officials, obviously on the instructions of the Cabinet, returned the check with a sarcastic intimation that Herr Meinl had better keep his ideas of reconciliation for a more convenient and appropriate season.

This was typical of the attitude of the Austrian Government. Having gained a tactical advantage, it refused to think of doing anything but pursuing the party advantage to the last against the Socialists. Certainly at that moment the latter showed no desire for reconciliation, but it was far more difficult for them to do so than for the Government. The latter declined, thereby losing an opportunity as rare as that which was flung away by the Allies under very similar circumstances at Versailles. The latter could have instituted a new order in Europe, the former in their own little country. Both preferred the sweets of victory, and in Austria today, as in Europe, there is no thought of peace. None of the regular organs of public opinion will hear of reconciliation now. They cry for a new heart and for "material concessions" by the Socialists, forgetting that what Austria really needs is not a cessation of political controversy but something far more practicable and urgent —recognition on each side that the other is not an unspeakable scoundrel to be abused and insulted day after day because he happens to differ in matters of politics. Alone one illustrated newspaper—the *Stunde*—grasps this point and struggles in vain for a hearing.

The Socialists were "an idea too late" with their present feelers toward conciliation. But the Right are more than an idea too late with their *Heimwehr* organizations. Openly the papers speak of a *Heerschau*—a military review. Dr. Pflügl, a former under-secretary in a government department, writes openly in the *Wiener Journal* that the spirit of these organizations, which sweeps over Austria like a fresh north wind, is determined "to bring order to Austria." It comes, he says, from Bavaria; the *Heimwehr* are modeled on the notorious *Orgesch;* Austria is determined to follow the example of Bavaria in 1920, when the revolutionary government of Kurt Eisner was smashed, by the bullets of the reactionaries.

How many ideas too late is this? There has been no Communist putsch in Vienna and will not be while the Social Democrats lead the masses. Europe has had enough of that. Austria is surrounded by jealous neighbors who would welcome the opportunity to "restore order" and to take a little territory at the same time. Hungary makes no secret of her determination to get back the Austrian Burgenland as well as the rest of the territory liberated from her misrule. Dr. Bauer, one of the Socialist leaders, hit the right nail on the head in his important speech this week when he declared that it was essential for Socialist Vienna to realize that she could not get on without the Clerical provinces and vice versa. He was "an idea too late," again; his party should have seen and preached that long ago.

But the Right does not see it yet, and dreams of crushing Socialist Vienna by force. Any attempt to do so would imperil the peace of the world.

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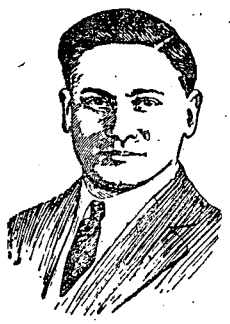

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In the Driftway

BROCCOLI has become fashionable. Like the flu and the crossword-puzzle craze the broccoli epidemic has swept New York. A downtown eating-place would no more be without it than without clams. And the Drifter's young friends tell him that broccoli is another example of the cultural conquests of the Italians. The triumph of spumoni and ravioli is followed by the victory of broccoli, and another immigrant race has come into its own.

* * * * *

IT is a pretty story, but it is only another example of the ignorance of youth. This theory that the habit of eating green vegetables landed at Ellis Island with the swarms from Southern Europe is just another of those melancholy myths which a robustious younger generation attempts to foist upon its elders. It may be that the nineteenth century reached its peak in a carnival of red meat and greasy potatoes, but it began with a nice appreciation of salads and kales, and an understanding of the succulence of fresh corn and green peas rivaled in our own day only by the marketers of Paris. Old Timothy Dwight, who was president of Yale a century or so ago, planted Indian corn in the presidential back yard in ten successive plantings so that he might eat it in the full milk every day from July to November; and he did not need an Italian gardener to teach him. The Drifter does not know the nationality of President Angell's gardener, but he will wager that the 1927 president of Yale does not eat as well as his predecessor.

* * * * *

WHILE President Dwight was planting ten successions of corn, and three kinds of strawberries, in his New Haven garden, Virginians were also at work. President Jefferson, throughout his eight years in the Presidency, noted the dates on which green vegetables appeared in and disappeared from the markets of the capital city, and to the thirty-three vegetables of President Dwight's New Haven list he added only sorrel, "sprouts," corn salad, lima beans—and "brocioli." President Jefferson may have grown brocioli on his own Virginia estate; at any rate his library included a book written before 1784 by his friend John Randolph, Jr., which described its culture. Randolph's "Treatise on Gardening"—a rare book which Marjorie Fleming Warner has recently unearthed and made available to the curious modern—explains that

> The proper time for sowing the seed of broccoli is in the latter end of May, and transplant them into beds when they have eight leaves, and plant them out about the latter end of July, in a place well sheltered, not under the drip of trees, in a soil rather light than otherwise. . . . The Roman broccoli is the proper sort to cultivate, otherwise called the Italian broccoli. When you have cut the flowers or heads, cut to about five or six inches of the stem, and before they are boiled, strip off the skin, and after having washed them boil them in a clean cloth, and serve them up with butter, as cauliflowers are. The stems will eat like asparagus, and the heads like cauliflowers.

* * * * *

BROCCOLI did indeed come from Italy, but long before immigration laws were dreamed of. In those days the seaboard States were in many ways less provincial than in this supercivilized, aeroplaning year of 1927. Timothy Dwight called tomatoes "love apples"—a name which the colonists had transplanted from the French "pomme d'amour." The French in turn got their word from the Italians, misunderstanding the name, "pomo dei Mori," which the Italians gave to a fruit brought from South America by the Spanish Moors. "Cultural complexes" existed long before the sociologists began thinking up long words to describe them! THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Gallinipper Wisdom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: All of this hue and cry about the red peril threatening to destroy the foundation of democratic institutions reminds me of the fables of two gallinippers who, upon a time, lit upon the dome of the Capitol. The more venturesome and reckless of the twain gave vent to his vainglorious purpose in these boastful words: "I've a great mind to stomp my foot and shake this pesky old structure to the ground."

The other with greater restraint and caution advised: "If I were you I wouldn't do it."

Washington, D. C., September 15 KELLY MILLER

The Lugano Spirit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I'm in the middle of translating an article about Sacco and Vanzetti, from the *Journal de Genève*, into German for a journalist here. Oddly, in Lugano there is a statue to George Washington. And they have just had a procession and put wreaths on Washington's statue, inscribed in four languages: "In remembrance of Sacco and Vanzetti, murdered." And they parked two fellows in red shirts to guard them.

Lugano, Switzerland, September 4 JOHN ZED

Fake Pictures from China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I just finished reading the article on The Camera Learns to Lie by Samuel Tenenbaum in your June 8 issue and was interested in it for the reason that the faking of pictures for American and British consumption is not confined to the United States. These camera artists have also been out here, one in particular who probably has done a considerable amount of harm in misrepresenting the China situation to American and British movie patrons as well as newspaper readers.

Some two years ago, following the anti-English outburst resulting from the May 30 atrocities in Shanghai, the Canton authorities were forced to expel an American camera man from Canton owing to his attempts to "frame" pictures showing outrages upon foreigners by Cantonese strikers and pickets. This man, an American, represented one of the "news reel" organizations connected with a powerful newspaper syndicate. Immediately following his expulsion from Canton this resourceful gentleman came to Shanghai and, renting one of the local Chinese movie studios, he staged a whole set of pictures, both "movie" and "stills," showing the activities of the Cantonese strikers and pickets. The pictures depicted the forceful seizure and confiscation of foreign goods.

About two months after this I saw the whole show in a double-page spread in one of the London illustrated papers and being somewhat familiar with Canton, noticed something strange about the pictures. Inquiry in Chinese circles here exposed the whole fraud, even to the amount of money which had been paid to the proprietor of the local movie studio.

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This, unfortunately, is not an isolated incident. Recently I noticed in several American newspapers a picture showing a Chinese woman bound hands and feet and being carried through the streets of a Chinese city by two Chinese coolies. The woman was suspended from a bamboo pole. Since this picture looked fishy, I inquired among local newspapermen and found that the picture had been staged and the Chinese woman paid the munificent sum of $1 for her part of it. Under the picture was a title stating that this was the way the Cantonese treat those who continue to accept employment from the British.

Still another case. In Shanghai there is a wealthy local resident who makes a practice of providing every beggar in Shanghai with a ticket for a free meal on New Year's Day. As a result of this professional beggars from the infant stage up collect on one of the side streets to receive their tickets. Naturally they provided an excellent subject for the camera men, but imagine my surprise when I saw these pictures in the American and English press labeled as "Poor Chinese farmers and villagers driven from their houses by the Cantonese invasion of the Yangtze Valley."

It is true that the camera doesn't lie, but it's wonderful what a lying camera man can do with a picture. Many of the pictures which were taken in Shanghai during the recent crisis when the Cantonese forces occupied this district were deliberately posed for the purpose of glorifying the activities of the foreign forces and showing the necessity of the barbed-wire barricades in the protection of the foreigners against the Chinese mobs.

Shanghai, China, July 28 FREDERICK HOUGH

Mr. Hughes and Michael Karolyi

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May it not be possible that Mr. Hughes will go down in history books as the humorless Secretary of State who, disregarding the founders' faith in freedom of speech and the significance of these United States as a political haven, gagged the first president of Hungary, Michael Karolyi, when on a visit to these shores? I wish also that Mr. Villard had made use of the degrading effect on Mr. Hughes of party loyalty. Republicanism became a faith so potent that even the oil frauds against the nation were passed in silence. If Mr. Hughes sat through the oil-investigation days and knew nothing of his confreres' doings he is hardly acute enough to fill the job of stopping another steal. If on the other hand he knew of the frauds and Republican reprisals and remained silent, then let us apply the old legal maxim: "He who is silent when in conscience he should speak, may not speak when in conscience he should be silent."

New York, October 18 MORRIS L. ERNST

Our Rights in New York

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You mentioned some weeks ago a city ordinance against distributing circulars. The only time this ordinance (Section 15, Article 2, Chap. 22, Code of Ordinances of the City of New York) has been passed upon by an appellate court, Special Sessions determined that it prohibits only the distribution of commercial or advertising matter (People *vs.* Johnson, 117 Misc. 133). For this reason, on August 22, Magistrate Simpson discharged one Fred Stoll, an I. W. W., charged with distributing leaflets announcing a Sacco-Vanzetti protest meeting.

It is apparent that if, as reported in *The Nation*, Magistrate Ewald gave a Red sixty days for distributing similar circulars, his ruling was not warranted. An appeal by the defendant might have been successful, but I believe that he is actually serving his sentence. The conviction by Magistrate Simpson was based upon the testimony of the arresting officer that the defendant's machine, plastered with Sacco-Vanzetti posters, had been parked for half an hour in violation of his order and had collected an enormous crowd. The five-dollar fine imposed was paid.

What the law permits and what the police officers and magistrates tolerate are frequently as far apart as the poles. The law as construed by the courts would permit a Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizer to speak in New York City without a license (except if he is trying to speak in a park)—unless what he says conflicts with the provisions of the New York Criminal Anarchy Law, a matter over which the magistrate has no jurisdiction. Similarly such a sympathizer has the right to distribute circulars unless they violate that law, and, presumably, he has the right to carry posters on his machine unless that machine is actually violating the traffic rules.

New York, October 5 CAROL WEISS KING

Mayflowering

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose my yearly subscription for *The Nation*. I cannot tell you how your articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti murder moved me nor how I thank you for your gallant defense. I am of Mayflower ancestry, and for generations my family have lived in Boston, where we have a family tomb on the Common, where those shameful arrests were made. I am the widow of an Episcopalian clergyman, and have been in bed for twelve years in this hospital, a victim of heart disease. On that last night my doctor gave me veronal that I might sleep the eleven hours away! I am seventy-three years old and I never believed I would live to see Massachusetts sink so low.

I get my nurses to read *The Nation;* I have it left in the sun parlor, and I send it to the men's Surgical Ward, in the hope of getting a little "fresh air" in this place!

Philadelphia, September 20 A. S. P.

Henry Harland's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am interested in obtaining either the originals or copies of as many as possible of the letters of the late Henry Harland, editor of the *Yellow Book* and author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." I should like to use these letters in the completion of a definitive biography of Mr. Harland on which I am now at work. The cooperation of any readers of *The Nation* who may have known Mr. Harland or who may possess his letters will be gratefully received. Communications may be addressed to me at the College of the City of New York.

New York, October 3 DONALD A. ROBERTS

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am troubled to see that Mrs. Ratcliffe, in her otherwise excellent account of our visit to the homes of Sacco and Vanzetti, refers to me several times as a delegate from the defense committee.

My trip to Italy, while made in accordance with the earnest wish of the two men, was a purely personal and unofficial one. I have never had any connection with the defense committee, and I do not like to seem to be claiming an honor that is not mine or to be sailing under false colors. My association with the case, as far as actual work is concerned, has been comparatively slight, and it is only my interest and my faith in the two men's innocence that have remained deep and unbroken ever since I attended the trial six years and more ago.

Boston, Mass., October 6 GERTRUDE L. WINSLOW

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Books, Art, Plays

Bookworm

By CLIFTON CUTHBERT

When Tuesday's platitudes
Ponderously do nothing
It is time for the mind to go dancing
Down straight rungs of small pica.

Life is a drunken goddess
Jabbering irrelevant encyclicals
Over an incongruous realm.

Bring books to temper the idiocies of reality:
Superb classics, bound in blue morocco,
To supersede the long commonplace;
Exquisite volumes of satire
To analyze the idiosyncratic parade;
Weighty black tomes
To squash the puny substances
Of Momentous Events.

Men are slaves to fact.
The truth shall set them free,
And the truth is only in books.

Pile them on every side of me,
And leave me undisturbed
Until the last paradoxical realism
Is revised
And duly recorded.

India Year by Year

India in 1925-26. A Statement Prepared for Presentation to Parliament. By J. Coatman. Calcutta: Government of India, Central Publication Branch. (To be had of the British Library of Information, New York. $1.35.)

Bibliography Relating to India (1900-1926). London: Royal Colonial Institute. (To be had free of the British Library of Information, New York.)

Bibliography. A Selected List of Books Concerning Indian Art. London. National Book Council. 2d.

The Education of India. By Arthur Mayhew, C. I. E. London: Faber and Gwyer. 10/6.

THE yearly accounts of Indian affairs prepared by the Director of Public Information for the Government of India are most valuable résumés. Although meant to justify the Government, they nevertheless achieve general reliability in the presentation of facts, while expressions of opinion are kept well in hand. The year 1925-26 was more important in India than the readers of American newspapers might have thought. It witnessed the climax of power and then disruption of the powerful Swaraj Party, which by its obstructionist tactics had been seriously embarrassing the Government in the working of the unpopular "reforms" and in Bengal and the Central Provinces had produced political chaos. It saw the settling of the Sikh situation and the final suspension of the long-established excise tax on Indian woven cotton goods that was originally meant to equalize the market for Lancashire products. It marked the close of the first period of Indian legislative history under the new constitution with the first government-appointed president vacating office, as had been prearranged, to be succeeded by an Indian elected by the Legislative Assembly. In politics it was a year that in the last analysis was a disappointment to the old style non-cooperating Nationalists. Too weak to withstand internal dissension, the ill-feeling aroused by renewed Hindu-Moslem outbreaks, and the ever-growing desire to work the reforms rather than fight them, the Swarajists seem to be abandoning the policy of non-cooperation for that of "responsive cooperation." It was, if anybody's, the Government's year.

Some of the most interesting parts of this book deal with non-political matters, such as the growth of the cooperative societies among the peasants, which are bringing relief from the demoralizing grip of money lenders; the development of industry; the abolition of slavery in a remote section of Burma; the progress of both lower and higher education; the conservation and development of natural resources; the scientific breeding of cattle; the spread of medical relief. Economically and socially it was a year of progress, as in fact almost every year has been recently for India. Although things move slowly, too slowly to suit Miss Katherine Mayo, author of "Mother India" (1927), nevertheless they do move, as a survey of any decennium will show.

The sixteen-page bibliography relating to India, published in February, 1927, is an admirable collection of titles under ten general heads with many sub-heads—General Description, Administration and Politics (including important titles both for and against the present system), Economics, Finance, Frontiers and Foreign Relations, History and Biography, Literature, Religion, Reminiscences, and Travel. It is weakest on literature and contains a number of minor errors, but is an excellent and useful guide. The separate four-page folder on Indian art is equally commendable.

The problems of education in India are far cruder than they are here. The system has long been criticized as top-heavy, with too many colleges and universities in proportion to the lower schools, and it is necessary to spread instruction among the masses. In the high schools and colleges the medium of instruction is English, a foreign language, which makes the process of learning as difficult for Indians as it would be for us if we had to use Chinese. A third problem has been the subjects of study, which have been prevailingly Western with a countenancing of Oriental culture but no encouragement to study it and hence its general neglect. Added to these are social and religious problems arising from caste, the joint family system, the Hindu-Moslem antipathy, the economic difficulty of finding acceptable positions for graduates, the question of educating females who are precluded from attending school by the practices of child marriage and seclusion, and finally the great mistrust by Indians of any learning that is not motivated by some religion, whether it be Indian, Mohammedan, or Christian.

Mr. Mayhew begins with the intrusion of Western learning and the long and bitter controversy preceding its adoption in 1835 in government-supported institutions as against Oriental learning. The policy is symbolized to the public by the utterances of Macaulay, whose ignorance of Indian culture was exceeded only by the vigor of the phrases in which he reviled it, but it must not be thought that his was the compelling voice. Advanced Indian opinion, as Mr. Mayhew points out, wanted the foreign learning, which it mistakenly thought would automatically rid the country of social and economic ills, while the East India Company wanted it to train cheap servants for its employ. In addition, the missionaries saw in it a lever to turn the "heathen" overnight into Christians. Thus educational curricula, embodying English literature and Western history and philosophy, were imposed that never touched the heart of the country, and the system was not looked upon as an instrument of cultural function but merely as a means of getting entry into government service. The one other ideal it inspired was that of political independence.

Nowadays Indian education is shifting its center of gravity. Natural science and technological training are coming to the

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front, a decided advantage. Not serving culturally, it is at least becoming utilitarian, and the country needs just this sort of help.

Mr. Mayhew's survey of Indian education after many years of distinguished labor in the Indian Educational Serivce leads him to the five following conclusions:

> (*a*) Our education has done far less for Indian culture than for the material and political progress of India. . . .
>
> (*b*) Emotional reaction against foreign culture affords no soil for indigenous growth. The sympathetic application of critical and scientific methods to Indian life and thought, and the adoption of a "Western" attitude of mind, must precede the fusion of East and West that India's wisest minds desire.
>
> (*c*) Indian personality and life as a whole will not intimately be affected by any education which is not animated by religion. . . .
>
> (*d*) Higher education in India depends for warmth and color, vitality and response to communal aspirations, on the measure of its freedom from the control and direction of any form of government, whether Indian or alien. The function of government in this sphere is to suppress what is harmful to the commonweal and to support, with the utmost elasticity, whatever is useful and effective. But for the better education of the masses, as a fundamental condition of national progress, a vigorous initiative must be taken, and a financial policy prescribed by the Government.
>
> (*e*) At no previous stage has Indian education needed more sorely Western sympathy, support, and guidance. English educational work in India will be more deeply appreciated and more fruitful when it is not associated officially with an alien government.

This is the considered opinion of an experienced educator and is entitled to our profound reflection. For details readers must turn to the book itself.

W. Norman Brown

An Impoverished Art

History of Anthony Waring. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Miss Sinclair is one of the relatively few contemporary novelists who have continued to practice the art (as distinguished from the trade) of fiction long after the more elementary motives for doing so have passed away. It is obvious that she ceased, sometime since, to have what is called in common parlance "anything to say." It is obvious, that is, that she is no longer moved either by that impulse to social protest which once tinged even her work or by any less definite need to communicate an individual attitude toward life, and hence obvious, too, that if she continues to write novels she does so merely because she is still intrigued by the practice of what we may call, without thereby implying any praise or blame, a "pure art." Each of her recent books has been, more conspicuously than it has been anything else, an exercise, and though that does not mean that any has been carelessly or mechanically written—indeed, the reverse is true—it does mean that we can read them only because we are interested in her method and can judge them only by its success. She has deliberately chosen people and events as little extraordinary as possible and deliberately imposed upon herself the task of conferring upon them whatever distinction they may seem to possess entirely by her manner of writing their story.

The "History of Anthony Waring" carries her particular experiment still further, and its direction is exactly the opposite to that taken by other experimental novelists. While their works have become longer, more complicated, and less direct, hers have grown shorter, simpler, and more completely straightforward. Here one hundred and thirty-one pages, printed in large type and with lavish margins in every possible direction, serve to tell the story of a life from the nursery to the deathbed. There are paragraphs four words long and whole chapters shorter than a single paragraph of this review. Everything not absolutely necessary has been eliminated and the whole is told in words each one of which would be comprehensible to a child just finished with its primer. Simplification could be carried no further, but here at least simplification defeats its purpose, and even as an experiment the result is negative since it proves either that what Miss Sinclair is attempting to do cannot be done or else it proves nothing at all.

So far as I know no critic of his own or another's craft has ever succeeded, even when analyzing a specific novel, in pointing out just which of its details are in themselves responsible for the effect produced. One may go over a great work for the purpose of abridging it and one may fancy that this or that might be dispensed with but one can never be sure at just what point one has begun to diminish the effect of the whole. One can never be sure just when the mere number of words used to recount an incident serves by itself to place an emphasis upon it or just how many details of a sort insignificant in themselves are necessary to give a solidity or a color which their aggregate contributes. Somehow the essential emerges as a result of the relationships subsisting between unessentials and somehow the indispensable is dependent upon things individually dispensable. The art of the novelist depends, of course, upon an intuitive perception of how he may bring this about but Miss Sinclair seems to have edited or abridged her own words with fatal results. She seems to have gone over them, asking if this or that might not be omitted, and to have taken so many things away that nothing is left.

One may be amazed that the "History of Anthony Waring" is not flatter than it is; one may grant that it is better than either "Far End" or "The Allinghams," but one must conclude nevertheless that the author has not been able either to say or to imply anything very significant in words so few and so simple. Even the mood which the book provokes is not the mood which it seems probable that Miss Sinclair intended. She is not exactly a bitter person; one knows that the impression which she wishes to give of life is not an impression of futility; and yet when the whole earthly existence of a hero is recorded in a book which a child could read and understand in an hour the effect is almost inevitably that. If all that is significant in a life can be recorded in a few simple sentences, if a few level pages can record, dispose of a youth, a few more of love and marriage, and a few more of death, then life is hardly worth the years which it takes to live itself out and the biography of a man is no more worth writing than the biography of a may-fly.

I do not say that a novel no longer than this one might not possibly be made to seem adequate and more; but I do believe that it would have to retain at least some one of the various things which Miss Sinclair has left out even if it were only a language less simple than hers. Either condensation would have to be achieved by packing in instead of cutting out or the fewness of the incidents chosen would have to be compensated for by some extraordinary vividness which the mere competence of Miss Sinclair does not achieve. She is, to put it bluntly, never intense enough to justify her brevity and her novel is no more than a mere synopsis.

Joseph Wood Krutch

Labor and the Law

The Law of Organized Labor and Industrial Conflicts. By Edwin Stacey Oakes. Rochester, N. Y.: The Lawyers Co-operative Publishing Company. $15.

It is approximately seventeen years since anyone has attempted to make a study of all of the decisions bearing on the law of industrial disputes. There is much to report. Far-reaching changes in the law during that period, in many ways disadvantageous to labor, more than amply justify the issuance at this time of another work.

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The law in regard to boycotting, sympathetic strikes, picketing, the organization of non-union fields, the validity of growing power in the hands of the national union, has dealt poorly with labor. Even labor's "constitutional right to strike" becomes an *ignis fatuus* in the hands of Mr. Justice Brandeis's gratuitous dictum in the case of Dorchy *vs.* Kansas (1926) to the effect that "Neither the common law, nor the Fourteenth Amendment, confers the absolute right to strike." No matter that labor never had the constitutional right to strike. The illusion was a fond one. Finally the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Bedford Cut Stone Company *vs.* Journeyman Stone Cutters' Association, overruling the federal Circuit Court of Appeals, marks the complete dissipation of Gompers's day-dream concerning the Clayton Act. The courts, rulers in a higher sphere, in no way accountable to the expressions of Congress, have seen fit to direct the law in other (ancient) channels.

Mr. Oakes's exhaustive work presents labor with an opportunity to take stock and discuss ways and means. It contains all of the significant cases in the field he attempts to cover. It is a big job of collection, digestion, and classification, admirably done by one thoroughly trained in the search and use of legal materials. Its excellent arrangement and indexing will earn the gratitude of the practicing attorney who is constantly in danger of being pressed into an opinion on short notice. Cases bulking formidably in the various State, federal, English, and Canadian law reports are here hewed and whittled to a cause or phrase.

The value of the book is considerably enhanced by the inclusion of helpful allied matter, e.g., criminal syndicalism, and other subjects of especial concern to the employer, such as the existence of a strike as an excuse on the part of the employer for failure to perform a contract obligation, the liability of an employer for injury suffered by scabbing workers, and insurance against strikes. Intelligently also the subject of boycotting is treated as one aspect of the larger question of the refusal of one person to have business relations with another. Trade unions, however, also need orientation in cognate matters. If those factors that condition the struggle of organized labor are proper subjects for such a work, why not include treatment of the law of arrest, of searches and seizures, and possibly an inquiry into the authority of police captains, sheriffs, or justices of the peace? All too often are the issues of a strike decided as a practical matter by abuse in low official places. The bland hostility of a police captain or sheriff, or, frequently, of a justice of the peace, is sometimes as effectually disastrous as the directness and dubious legality of a preliminary injunction.

In a sense it is regrettable that this book follows as closely as it does the abstract, legalistic terminology of the courts. Courts deal largely in traditional legalisms, hardened by outward logical symmetry. Only the exceptional court will compound its reasoning with realism derived from a consideration of constantly changing economic and sociological factors. Perhaps the largest part of labor's activity is condemned as unwarranted "interference with the right of an individual to conduct his business." The courts translate this into the concept of property, involving thereby every traditional and supposed constitutional guaranty designed for its protection. What of labor's interests? They fall under no legal concept accorded the sacredness of property. Labor wants a voice in the dictation of the conditions and remunerations of industry. However, the language of the law does not yet exist to comprehend these interests of labor or even to explain them. Labor therefore approaches the law at a great handicap. Labor sustains the burden of proof before the law. Labor must *justify* its "interference" with the individual "right" to conduct one's business. Legal analysis proceeds in terms of the "rights" of the employer with which labor "interferes." It never occurs to the courts that the employer's "right" may invade and restrict that area claimed by labor on the basis of social or collective interests. The result of this one-sided terminology thus not only leads to confusion of thought on the part of the courts but also to a disregard of those interests which labor has come to press for their attention as a consequence of an industrial age.

Perhaps more consideration of dissenting opinions, particularly those of Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis, cannot fairly be asked of the author. Their interest for labor is great, though possibly somewhat out of proportion to their authority as precedent. For labor, however, the path of the law lies along just such a realistic approach as that of Holmes and Brandeis to the possibility of *new* "rights" and *new* "legal concepts."

C. M. JOSEPH

Our Puritan Artist

Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude. By Herbert Gorman. Murray Hill Biographies. George H. Doran Company. $2.

HOW heavy a tangle of hero-worship has grown up about the greater figures of the New England Renaissance only one who has tried to push his way through and come upon authentic reality can realize. Our Victorian biographers and critics who took charge of New England reputations made a thorough job of it. They entered whole-heartedly into a pleasant conspiracy to set up shrines for the American people to worship at. No touch of realism sullies their idyllic pages; no concern for standards or values is suffered to minimize their heroes. Certain names are sacred and one approaches Craigie House or the Old Manse as one approaches the shrine of Thomas à Becket. One may read volumes, for example, without discovering that Sophia Hawthorne—to whom every Victorian pilgrim offered a nosegay of praise—was a sentimentalist who wrote so gushy a letter to Aldrich in praise of a poem he afterwards deleted from his works that he must have blushed for her, and whose literary judgment could have had no good influence on her husband's work. But the realists are having their innings at last, and it is an immense relief to read a study of Hawthorne written by one who has no client to defend and who thinks as an American rather than as a Bostonian. Such a study may not say the last word—which, of course, is never said—but at any rate it is an attempt to evaluate the work of the artist as a product of his strange mentality, and of the Puritan world that shaped that mentality.

I am not at all sure that Mr. Gorman's interpretation is wrong. The more I try to puzzle out the problem of Hawthorne's refined technique and scanty accomplishment—the thin atmosphere in which his stories move and the poverty of thought that marked his intellectual life—the more I am driven back upon the hypothesis of inhibitions that prevented his normal unfolding; and those inhibitions certainly resulted from the unhappy solitude into which he was early thrown, and the Puritan heritage that held his mind in its cold grasp. Here then is Mr. Gorman's thesis—a thesis that he defends with much persuasiveness and charm. It is a much more elusive task than he set himself in his study of Longfellow, calling for subtler analysis and shrewder insight. It is a study in the psychology of what, perhaps, may be called the skeptical aftermath of Puritanism—of the workings of a mind emptied of Calvinistic dogma but still aware of the reality of sin and sensitive to its possibilities as material for the artist to deal with. The world that Hawthorne created for his art was unreal—more unreal probably than Mr. Gorman has realized; with no likeness to the every-day realities of Samuel Sewall's world, or to the passionate intellectuality of Jonathan Edwards's broodings on the inscrutable Stable Will of God. It existed only in the twilight of his imagination and was subdued by the shadows of twilight; yet once he had taken up his abode there, refusing all contacts with other worlds, his literary expression was rigidly fixed.

Mr. Gorman's study is done with skill and insight. If he

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reveals a somewhat inadequate knowledge of the Puritan backgrounds of New England, and dismisses rather too hastily the stirring movements in ferment all about Hawthorne, such shortcomings are more than compensated for by the intelligence with which he has penetrated to the heart of his problem and has stripped from Hawthorne the tangle of maudlin eulogy that has so long covered his reputation. I accept his interpretation as just and am thankful for the clean and beautiful way in which he has done his job—only I wish he had split somewhat fewer infinitives and had not permitted Hawthorne to be "fed up" on anything. VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

Magic

The House of Lost Identity. By Donald Corley. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

THE short story is perhaps the most obdurate of prose forms for the artist seeking self-expression, since, like the sonnet, it is already so straitly conditioned by tradition that it has a characterless character of its own. When, now and then, a writer succeeds in putting his mark on it, stories of his type come henceforth to be regarded as his own. And so it is not to be held against Mr. Corley that his House of Lost Identity is a Hawthorne story, and that his Glass Eye of Throgmorton is a Kipling story, and that his Book of the Debts and the Price of Reflection are *American Magazine* stories, and that "Figs" and "The Manacles of Youth" and "The Song of the Hombelaine" and various others remind us of Cabell, who writes a cordial preface to the book.

"Hereinafter," he says, "you encounter magic. . . ." But "no magic can affect anybody—precisely as Mr. Corley tells us, in 'The Glass Eye of Throgmorton,' unless 'the sorcerer has first got hold of something personal, extremely personal, belonging to the intended victim.' Now I take it there is nothing more 'extremely personal' than one's heart. And magic—the special sort of magic that here solicits us—does, certainly, retain an inveterate hold upon the hearts of all who have ridden, howsoever briefly, and no matter how long ago, in the manner of Pierre Salabat, upon the horse with golden wings which flies high, and so very high, above the earth familiar to us." Which means, dear reader, that if you don't perceive the beauty of these stories, there's no one to blame but yourself.

This beauty, like Mr. Cabell's own, is associated with a consciously studied literary style—though, unlike Mr. Cabell, Mr. Corley uses half a dozen different consciously studied styles. Sometimes he is very simple and colorful, almost paternal in his tenderness, as in "The Legend of the Little Horses." Sometimes he is sophisticated and cosmopolitan, as in "The Glass Eye of Throgmorton." Sometimes he is fragrant and mysterious, as in "Figs." Always he knows his muttons as a story teller, just as well as Fanny Hurst knows hers and Edna Ferber hers and Cabell his; so that it is no wonder, after all, that his delicate confections have found their way into the popular magazines. "San-Yada, the Governor of the Province of Chouan, was drinking tea in the audience room of his palace, with his feet upon a cushion of rabbit furs. His shoemaid, Ssu, had just taken off his oiled silk boots and brought to him slippers of green silk embroidered with green wading birds."

He gives us long catalogues of glamorous names. "The castle of Warekin, as white as the sea-gulls that haunted its towers of an afternoon, flaunted blue marriage banners from every window and every gonfalon. The Island of Idressy, of which the castle was the kingskeep, awaited the coming of Hedragors, that evening; Hedragors, Isle lord of neighboring Kelmsney. . . ." And always in this conscious literary way, and according to distinguished precedent, and through a glass that seeks in some way to put an enchantment upon reality, he pursues those things that to him symbolize beauty.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

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Books in Brief

Strange Woman. By Elmer Davis. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.

When Lucy Merriam's husband has an affair with Dagmar Dahl, the opera singer, Lucy wakes up to the fact that there is very little left for a woman of forty to do. In this crisis she manages her husband's flame and a few flirtations of her own with almost supernatural tact. Eventually she and her husband are united on the old basis, and Dagmar returns to the more hectic world of art. The book, done largely in racy conversations, is a little unreal in many of its situations and by no means solves the problem of women of forty. But it is an amusing exposition of what fools old men can be.

The Flower Show. By Denis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

This leisurely tale of a day's events on an English country estate, seen through the eyes of a child and interpreted whimsically but superficially by the author, will make pleasant enough reading for gentle old ladies and all others who enjoy the details of the manner in which "the heir to the property" takes his tiffin.

Zelda Marsh. By Charles G. Norris. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Norris, following in the wake of the popular interest in stage folk, offers the turgid tale of Zelda who proves her basic virtue, despite several transgressions of the Seventh Commandment, by returning to her first lover and seducer in his hour of need. "John," she cries, "I'm leaving my heart behind me, but I'm gaining my soul."

The End of a World. By Claude Anet. Translated from the French by Jeffery E. Jeffery. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

This would make a delightful sugar-coated pill for geology or archaeology classes to read along with their required texts. It is a novel dealing with a certain phase of prehistoric civilization and gives the art, the hunting and fishing industries, and the social customs of our more brute-like ancestors. Part of the book is very beautiful, and some of it is very amusing (the origin of some of our moral and marital notions, for instance), but a portion of it is very dull. It is really too instructive to be altogether amusing.

God Got One Vote. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Here is a sprightly book on the ways and means of politicians. Up to a certain point it is honest and iconoclastic, and then it switches suddenly to an unwarranted optimism and sentimentality brought on, no doubt, by the effort to provide the hero's daughter with a husband. The material is interesting but photographic and reportorial, and needs blurring and softening before it can enter the realm of art. The book is most to be remembered for its portrait of Patrick Van Hoos, politician.

From Gallegher to The Deserter. The Short Stories of Richard Harding Davis. Selected by Roger Burlingame. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This copious collection will be welcomed by those who have found it difficult to lay their hands upon the most characteristic and permanent of Davis's work.

Profane Earth. By Holger Cahill. The Macaulay Company. $2.

A first novel crammed with a deal of naturalistic observation which might conceivably have resulted in a reasonably satisfying work if Theodore Dreiser had never existed. The usual sensitive farm boy goes to the usual big city, becomes the usual reporter, has the usual love tragedy, and at the end, dry-eyed and stubborn, repeats to himself that Life is Like That. Strong stuff for weak minds.

The Kingdom of Books. By William Dana Orcutt. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Mr. Orcutt pursues his way still farther among the delights of the older and better typography.

Declaration of Love. By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Those who were fortunate enough to marvel at Mr. Dennis's earlier novels, "Harvest in Poland" and "Mary Lee," will not be surprised and assuredly not disappointed in this analysis, at once savage and mystic, of the states of mind preceding the efflorescence of love in the hearts of two very modern young people. A book of astonishing sincerity and originality. It will not be widely read.

The Negro in the Reconstruction of Virginia. By A. A. Taylor. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $2.

The reconstruction period aroused such bitter resentment that its chief literary products have been the polemic novels of Tom Dixon and Judge Tourgee. The present dispassionate study shows that no extreme view can be taken. The author understands the difficulty the white South experienced in seeing the bottom rail on top, but he shows that the Negro under tremendous difficulties of self-adjustment made a better showing than he has been credited with.

Civil Liberty. Edited by Edith M. Phelps. H. W. Wilson Company. Ninety cents.

Thomas Jefferson, Mark Twain, Jeremy Bentham, Bernard Shaw, Alexander Hamilton, Archibald Stevenson, Louis Brandeis, Benito Mussolini, and Nikolai Lenin on civil liberty, with schematized arguments pro and con, and bibliographies—ready made for the college debater.

Art

Modern Art in Palestine

"IN Palestine . . . everybody buys a picture. Clerks, students, workmen—everyone, with however little money to spare, buys a painting as he would buy a book." This from Elias Newman, whose paintings we shall presently see at the Galerie Intime in New York. And his gratifying statement refers particularly to the work of the young Modern Group in Palestine, that group of which he is the first member to be shown in America. His is the first of a series of exhibits planned to introduce the modern Palestinians.

Almost without parallel in the history of painting is the consciously nationalistic aim of this group; aesthetics, for the moment, assume second place, and here for the first time we have a gathering of young, social-minded artists determinedly striving to interpret a nation, the spirit of a people—if you will, a social idea. Newman, youthful, enthusiastic, alert, appears in America with little desire to exploit himself but with a determination to prepare the way for his coworkers, and with a religious fervor embracing the Palestinian ideal. Listening to him is an amazing revelation to one accustomed to hearing contemporary artists releasing in wholesale quantities such remarks as "So-and-so is a nice fellow—but of course he's a rotten painter. . . ." And this in view of the fact that the Palestinian moderns have attempted to establish no "school" of painting. Each approaches his subject in his own erratic fashion. But it is supposed that as long as the common aim is not lost sight of, much is mutually forgiven. It is to be hoped

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that this generosity of spirit does not wane with the youthfulness of the group.

The ten workers representing this new movement worked quietly for several years until they felt the time was ripe for a public showing. There are some outstanding names among them: Lubin and Melnikoff of Chicago, Rubin of Rumania, Paldi of Russia, Newman, born in Poland, Siona Tager, the only woman in the group and the only member born in Palestine. It is, of course, a question whether a national art can ever be produced until at least one generation has grown up in a country; whether Lubin and Melnikoff can avoid painting their Chicago influences in Palestine; whether Paldi does not still paint Russia; whether Newman's previous training in New York at the National Academy and the Educational Alliance is not part of the voice giving a tale of Palestine. The group is positive in its answer to this question; they point to their youth, their Zionistic enthusiasm, their individual immersion in the struggle of the country. But it remains for their paintings to prove or disprove these assertions. And Newman's collection of oils and water-colors may, or may not, give a positive answer. His paintings show a tremendous struggle, an early consciousness of adaptation which has given way, in his later things, to a fresher naivete. Certainly they are an interesting problem, just as Palestine is. His water-colors, for all their wider appeal to most critics, seem to me much farther from the goal than certain of his oils. He has a large canvas of Jerusalem, "The Blue Synagogue," which gives me the impression of a near approach to coherence and simplicity. The hot, pure color of Jerusalem vibrates throughout, and it has an elusive richness and a depth that may well be part of Palestine's own experience. There are also scenes of Jaffa partaking of this feeling. And, all in all, one may safely say that it is serious painting. It has not had the label "Palestinian" attached to it merely as a theoretical distinction. The exhibition will have its interest not only for artists but for all those who harbor the belief that painting must not be afraid to align itself with social forces.

FRANCES O'BRIEN

Drama

Dutch Interior

SOMEWHERE between the past and the present, in a region where things are neither new nor old, lies the limbo of the outmoded. It is a sort of attic in the house of culture, a place where costumes no longer chic but not yet old enough to be quaint are stored away along with the furniture which may be antique tomorrow but is merely unfashionable today; and it is a dim and dusty region. There is the slang of yesterday, there are the unread novels which history may or may not take up, and there, too, are the plays which, having had their hour upon the stage, are not likely to have another. Musty with the odor of undignified decay, it is not a heartening place to rummage in, and he who goes there in search of some remembered thing is likely to find a tarnish upon its brilliance, a mold upon its sentiment, and a crack in the ring of an eloquence which once sounded so clear and so strong. Much Pinero and Jones, much Brieux and Björnson is there along with unnumbered Germans who aspired to or achieved a performance at the Freie Bühne but upon whom the dust now lies as thick as it does upon our own Clyde Fitch or William Vaughn Moody. Many an enthusiast, fired by memories of his youth and determined to resurrect what he fancies to have been a glory of the past, has mounted there full of hope but has usually descended with nothing but a dry sneeze for his pains and a conviction that though the contemporaneous and the ancient both have their charms there is nothing so dull as a mode which has just been outlived.

Yet even here the rule has its exceptions and it is from

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the lumber-room that Miss Eva LeGallienne has extracted Hermann Heijermans's still moving play "The Good Hope," which she is using to introduce her new season at the Fourteenth Street Theater. The play was first produced in 1900; it is said to have been seen here briefly once before with Ellen Terry in the leading role; and it belongs to one of the deadest of dead periods. Heijermans was a Dutch follower of Hauptmann who wrote at the time when the drama was just discovering the proletariat, when it was busy pointing a heavily accusatory finger at the sorrows of the humble, and when every social wrong was considered to constitute per se the materials of a drama; and yet he managed in this case to transcend the limitations of the mode. The play is said to have been written (God save the mark!) as a protest against the loose methods of Dutch companies in insuring unseaworthy vessels; I presume and hope that these methods have been since reformed; but whether they have or not the piece would be no more interesting on account of its purpose than "Hamlet" would be if our concern depended chiefly upon an active indignation against those things which were politically rotten in the state of Denmark toward the end of the ninth century. Fortunately, however, Heijermans built better than the theorist of naturalism thought necessary. His impulse toward social protest served only to supply him with an attitude and to sharpen his observation so that he might make the old story of the rotten ship and the wives at home real once more by giving it a local habitation and a name among particular people, in a particular place, at a particular time. He had the gift for indignation but he had much more conspicuously the gift for character drawing and for situation; so that he has painted the life of a fishing village with something of that realism, at once uncompromising and yet loving, which once served as the mark of his countrymen's graphic art; and he managed at the same time to rise to moments of almost painful tension like that in which the timid son is sent away to the ship by the mother who soon will mourn his death. One fancies that the play was written rather directly under the influence of Hauptmann's "The Weavers," but it becomes, in spite of itself, much more than an imitation. There is a robustly cheerful good humor in the *genre* scenes which is most un-Hauptmannesque, and there is besides an individual vitality in the characters which makes them refuse to be merely either representatives of a class or straw men to serve as the subject of an argument. The play has life in it and it will not take its place quietly upon the shelf with the other documents for the study of an out-moded school.

Whether by deliberate intention or not Miss LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theater has made an individual place for itself among the various "Art Theaters" of New York. While the Guild (its show specialties aside) devotes itself chiefly to contemporary plays and while both the Provincetown and the Playwright groups concern themselves chiefly with the more radical sort of experiment, Miss LeGallienne has been conspicuously concerned with the recent past and she has shown remarkably good judgment in selecting those relatively few plays of yesterday which it would be a pity for us to lose. "The Good Hope" is well directed and soundly played by her stock company. It will, I fancy, attain something of the steady unsensational popularity which rewarded "The Cradle Song" last year.

Madge Kennedy has usually specialized in unscrupulous little minxes who are too charming ever to receive the spankings they so richly deserve, but in Alice Duer Miller's sprightly comedy "The Springboard" (Mansfield Theater) the tables are turned upon her and she appears as the long-suffering wife of a man who cannot resist the solicitations of his own natural talent for philandering. The piece is sparklingly written, it has an edge, and it is, all in all, one of the brightest little pieces of the season. "Interference" (Empire Theater) is a polite English melodrama dealing with blackmail and murder as really nice people meet them.

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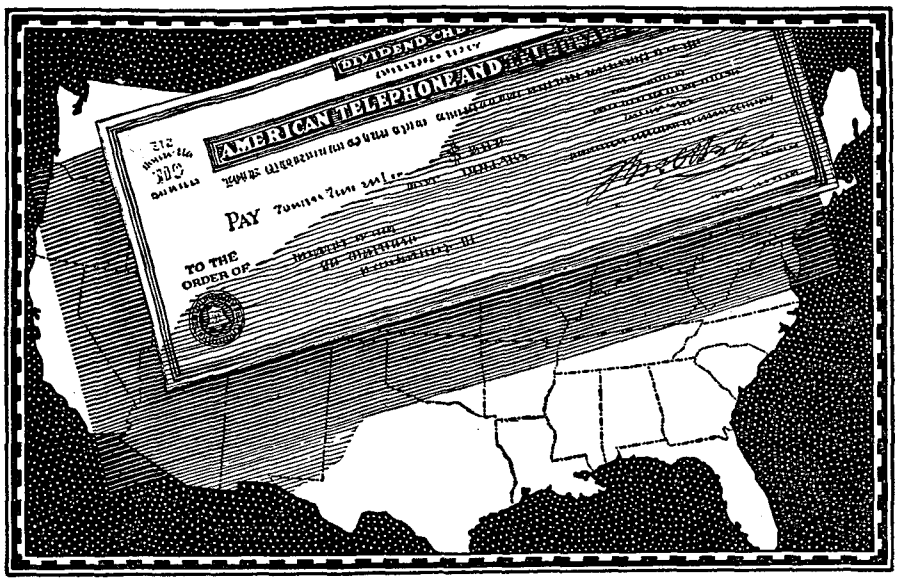

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International Relations Section

"Drain Inspector's Report"

UNDER the title given above, Mahatma Gandhi has published in *Young India* (Ahmedabad) for September 15 a review of Katherine Mayo's book "Mother India," from which we print an extended extract.

Several correspondents have sent me cuttings containing reviews of, or protests against, Miss Mayo's "Mother India." A few have in addition asked me to give my own opinion on it. An enraged correspondent from London asks me to give him answers to several questions that he has framed upon the authoress's references to me. Miss Mayo has herself favored me with a copy of her book.

I would certainly not have made time, especially when I have only limited energy and caution has been enjoined upon me by medical friends against overwork, to read the book during my tour. But these letters made it obligatory on me to read the book at once.

The book is cleverly and powerfully written. The carefully chosen quotations give it the appearance of a truthful book. But the impression it leaves on my mind is, that it is the report of a drain inspector sent out with the one purpose of opening and examining the drains of the country to be reported upon, or to give a graphic description of the stench exuded by the opened drains. If Miss Mayo had confessed that she had gone to India merely to open out and examine the drains of India, there would perhaps be little to complain about her compilation. But she says in effect with a certain amount of triumph, "The drains are India." True, in the concluding chapter there is a caution. But her caution is cleverly made to enforce her sweeping condemnation. I feel that no one who has any knowledge of India can possibly accept her terrible accusations against the thought and the life of the people of this unhappy country.

The book is without doubt untruthful, be the facts stated ever so truthful. If I open out and describe with punctilious care all the stench exuded from the drains of London and say, "Behold London," my facts will be incapable of challenge, but my judgment will be rightly condemned as a travesty of truth. Miss Mayo's book is nothing better, nothing else.

The authoress says she was dissatisfied with the literature she read about India, and so she came to India "to see what a volunteer unsubsidized, uncommitted, and unattached could observe of common things in daily human life."

After having read the book with great attention, I regret to say that I find it difficult to accept this claim. Unsubsidized she may be. Uncommitted and unattached she certainly fails to show herself in any page. We in India are accustomed to interested publications patronized—"patronized" is accepted as an elegant synonym for "subsidized"—by the Government. We have become used to understanding from pre-British days that the art (perfected by the British) of government includes the harnessing of the secret services of men learned and reported to be honest and honorable for shadowing suspects and for writing up the virtues of the Government of the day as if the certificate had come from disinterested quarters. I hope that Miss Mayo will not take offense if she comes under the shadow of such suspicion. It may be some consolation to her to know that even some of the best English friends of India have been so suspected.

But ruling out of consideration the suspicion, it remains to be seen why she has written this untruthful book. It is doubly untruthful. It is untruthful in that she condemns a whole nation, or in her words, "the peoples of India" (she will not have us as one nation) practically without any reservation as to their sanitation, morals, religion, etc. It is also untruthful because she claims for the British Government merits which cannot be sustained and which many an honest British officer would blush to see the Government credited with.

If she is not subsidized Miss Mayo is an avowed Indophobe and Anglophile, refusing to see anything good about Indians and anything bad about the British and their rule. She does not give one an elevated idea of Western standard of judgment. Though she represents a class of sensational writers in the West, it is a class that, I flatter myself with the belief, is on the wane. There is a growing body of Americans who hate anything sensational, smart, or crooked. But the pity of it is that there are still thousands in the West who delight in "shilling shockers." Nor are all the authoress's quotations or isolated facts truthfully stated. I propose to pick up those I have personal knowledge of. The book bristles with quotations torn from their contexts and with extracts which have been authoritatively challenged.

The authoress has violated all sense of propriety by associating the Poet's [Rabindranath Tagore's] name with child-marriage. The Poet has indeed referred to early marriage as not an undesirable institution. But there is a world of difference between child-marriage and early marriage. If she had taken the trouble of making the acquaintance of the free and freedom-loving girls and women of Shantiniketan, she would have known the poet's meaning of early marriage.

She has done me the honor of quoting me frequently in support of her argument. Any person who collects extracts from a reformer's diary, tears them from their context, and proceeds to condemn, on the strength of these, the people in whose midst the reformer has worked would get no hearing from sane and unbiased readers or hearers. But in her hurry to see everything Indian in a bad light, she has not only taken liberty with my writings, but she has not thought it necessary even to verify through me certain things ascribed by her or others to me. In fact she has combined in her own person what we understand in India as the judicial and executive officer. She is both the prosecutor and the judge. She has described the visit to me, and informed her readers that there are always with me two "secretaries" who write down every word I say. I know that this is not a wilful perversion of facts. Nevertheless the statement is not true. I beg to inform her that I have no one near me who has been appointed or is expected to write down every word that I say. I have by me a coworker called Mahadev Desai who is striving to out-Boswell Boswell and does, whenever he is near me, take down whatever he considers to be wisdom dropping from my lips. I can't repel his advances, even if I would, for the relationship between us is, like the Hindu marriage, indissoluble. But the real crime committed against me is described by her at pages 387-388. She ascribes to the Poet "a fervent declaration that Ayurvedic science surpasses anything that the West can offer" (she has this time no quotation to back her statement). Then she quotes my opinion that hospitals are institutions for propagating sin, and then distorts out of all recognition a sacred incident, honorable to the British surgeons and, I hope, to myself. I must ask the reader to excuse me for giving the full quotation from the book:

> As he happened to be in the prison at the time, a British surgeon of the Indian Medical Service came straightaway to see him. "Mr. Gandhi," said the surgeon, as the incident was then reported, "I am sorry to tell you that you have appendicitis. If you were my patient, I should operate at once. But you will probably prefer to call in your Ayurvedic physician."
>
> Mr. Gandhi proved otherwise minded.
>
> "I should prefer not to operate," pursued the surgeon, "because in case the outcome should be unfortunate, all your friends will lay it as a charge of malicious intent against us whose duty is to care for you."
>
> "If you will only consent to operate," pleaded Mr. Gandhi,

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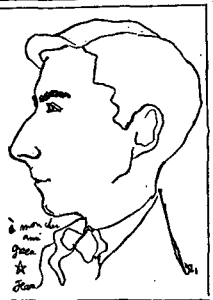

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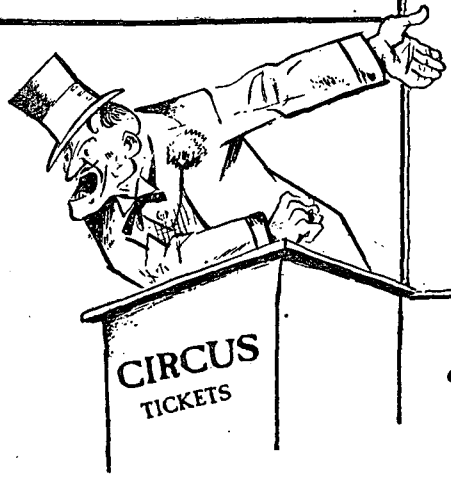

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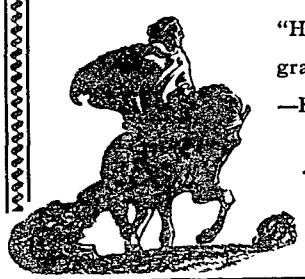

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"I will call in my friends, now, and explain to them that you do so at my request."

So Mr. Gandhi wilfully went to an "institution for propagating sin," was operated upon by one of the "worst of all," an officer of the Indian Medical Service, and was attentively nursed through convalescence by an English Sister whom he is understood to have thought after all rather a "useful sort of person."

This is a travesty of truth. I shall confine myself to correcting only what is libelous and not the other inaccuracies. There was no question here of calling in any Ayurvedic physician. Colonel Maddock, who performed the operation, had the right, if he had so chosen, to perform the operation without a reference to me, and even in spite of me. But he and Surgeon General Hooton showed a delicate consideration to me, and asked me whether I would wait for my own doctors who were known to them and who were also trained in the Western medical and surgical science. I would not be behindhand in returning their courtesy and consideration, and I immediately told them that they could perform the operation without waiting for my doctors, to whom they had telegraphed, and that I would gladly give them a note for their protection in the event of the operation miscarrying. I endeavored to show that I had no distrust either in their ability or their good faith. It was to me a happy opportunity of demonstrating my personal good-will.

So far as my opinion about hospitals and the like is concerned it stands, in spite of my having subjected myself and my wards to treatment more than once by physicians and surgeons, Indian and European, trained in the Western school of medicine. Similarly I use motor cars and railways, while holding to my condemnation of them as strongly as ever. I hold the body itself to be an evil and an impediment in my progress. But I see no inconsistency in my making use of it while it lasts, and trying in the best manner I know to use it for its own destruction. This is a sample of distortion of which I have a personal knowledge. . . .

That a book like Miss Mayo's can command a large circulation furnishes a sad commentary on Western literature and culture.

I am writing this article also in the hope, be it ever so distant, that Miss Mayo herself may relent and repent of having done, I hope unconsciously, atrocious injustice to an ancient people and equally atrocious injustice to the Americans by having exploited her undoubted ability to prejudice without warrant their minds against India.

The irony of it all is that she has inscribed this book "To the Peoples of India." She has certainly not written it as a reformer and out of love. If I am mistaken in my estimate let her come back to India. Let her subject herself to cross-examination, and if her statements escape unhurt through the fire of cross-examination, let her live in our midst and reform our lives. So much for Miss Mayo and her readers. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS is editor of *The Crisis*.

SILAS BENT is the author of "Ballyhoo."

G. E. R. GEDYE sends *The Nation* articles from Central Europe.

CLIFTON CUTHBERT is a New York poet.

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

C. M. JOSEPH, a New York lawyer, has lectured at the New School for Social Research.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON is the author of "Main Currents in American Thought."

FRANCES O'BRIEN wrote an article on Georgia O'Keeffe in the October 12 *Nation*.

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